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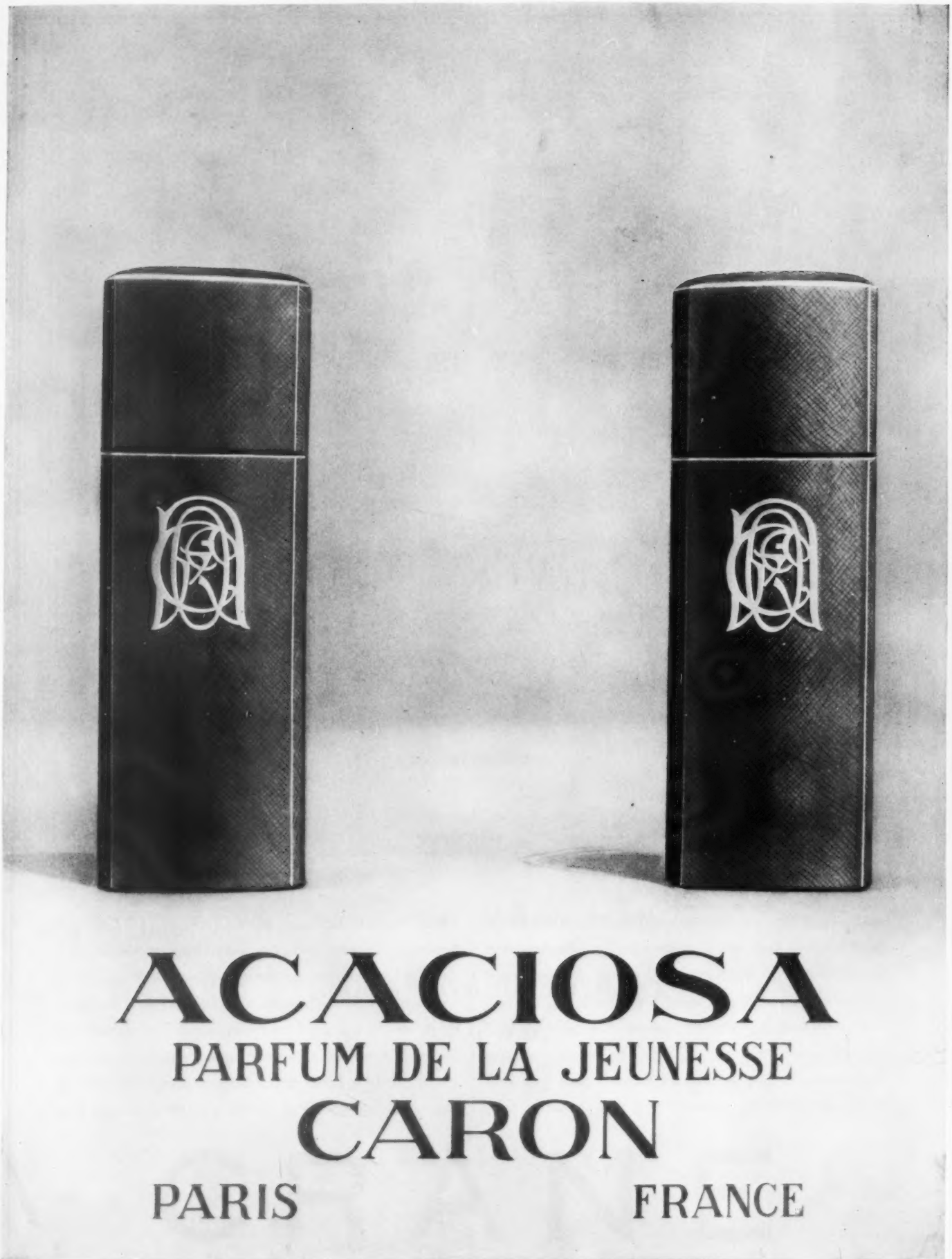

VANITY FAIR
January, 1930

Vanity Fair is published every month by The Condé Nast Publications, Inc., Boston Post Road, Greenwich, Conn. Executive and Publishing offices, Greenwich, Conn. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Greenwich, Conn., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Editorial offices, Graybar Bldg., Lexington at 43rd, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions for the United States, Canada, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, $4.00 a year in advance.

Vol. No. 33, No. 5

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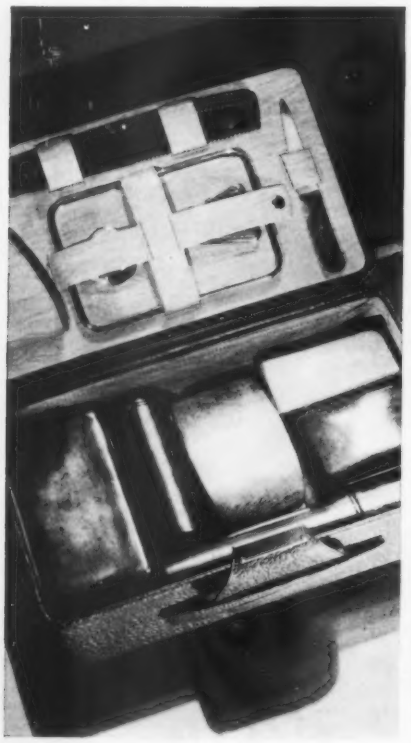

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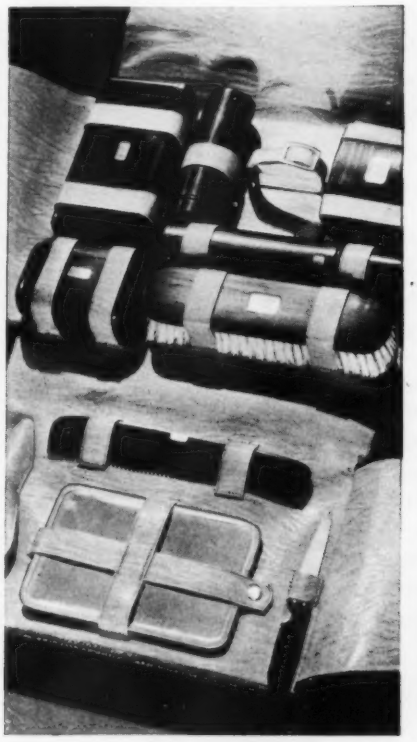

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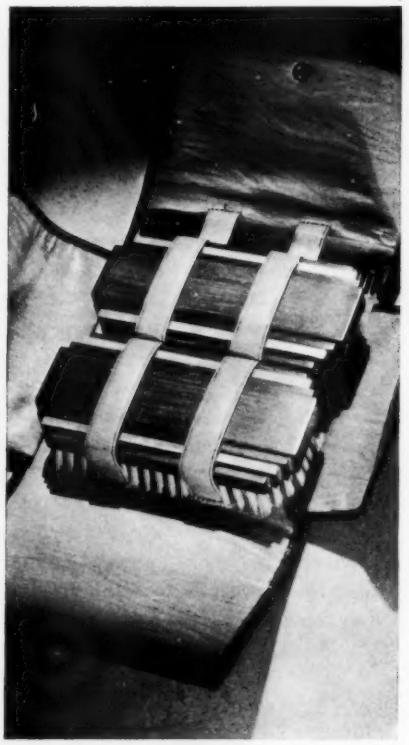

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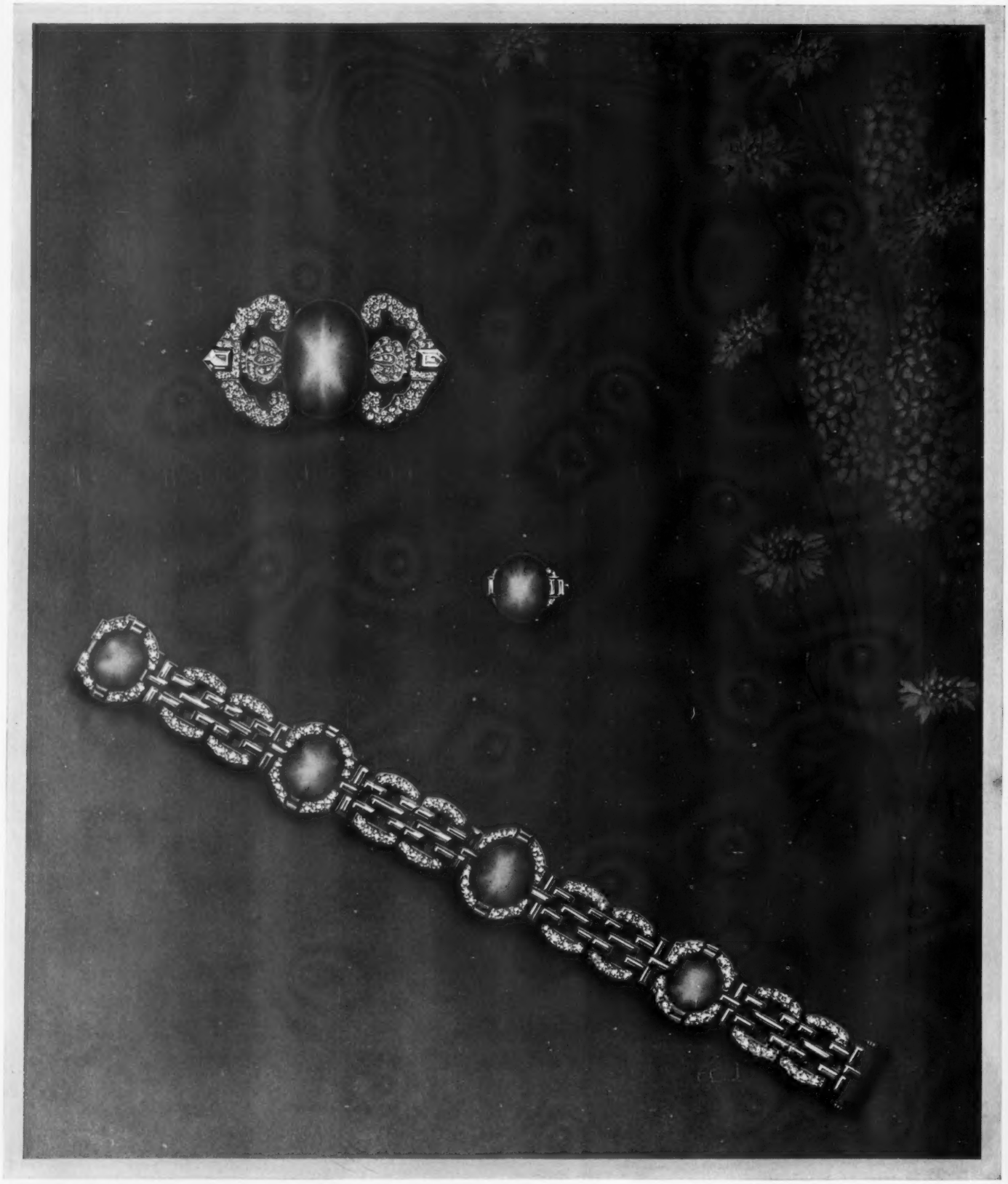

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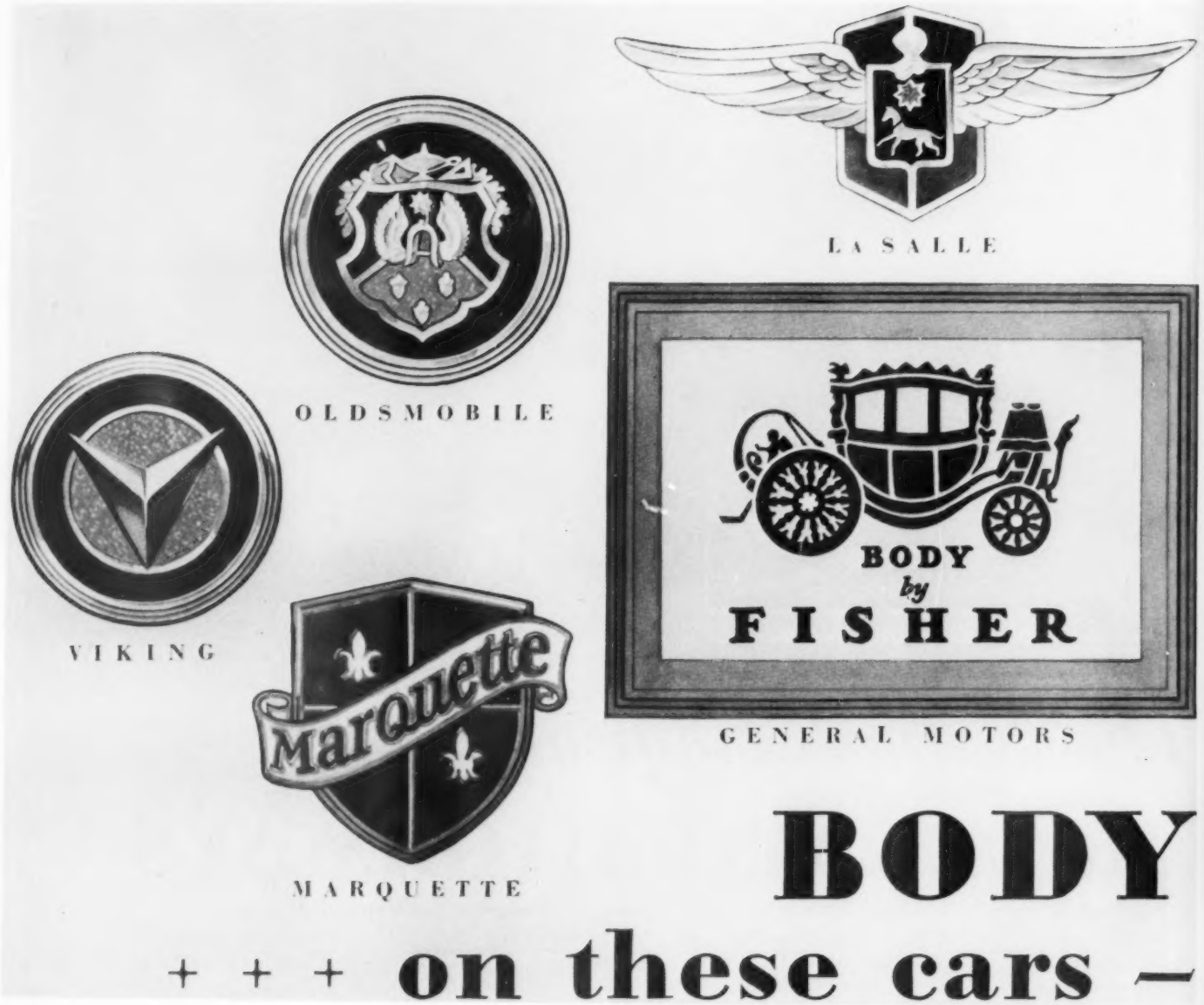

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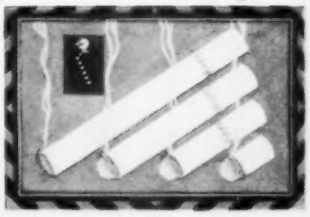

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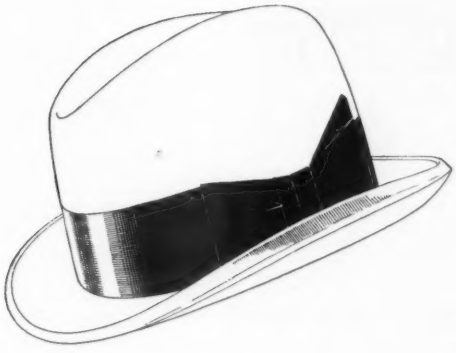

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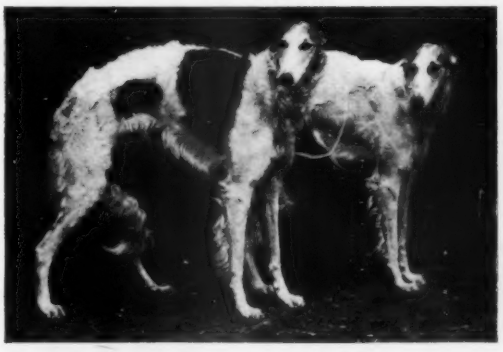

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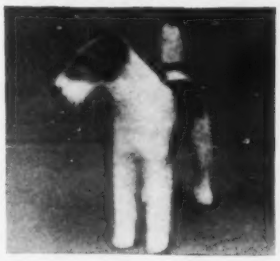

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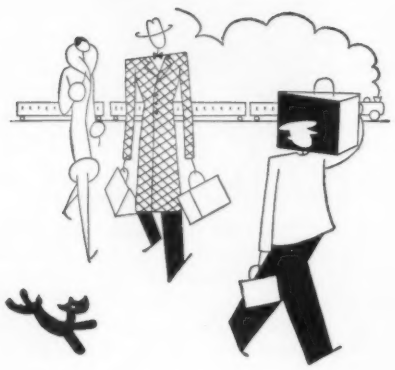

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FLASHES OF BLUE LIGHT

THE BLUE SAPPHIRE. . . . *Its flashes of blue light trembling on the slim throat of the young Adelaide of Louvain . . . gleaming on cloth of gold and brocades at the court of Henry the First. . . . As now it is seen at an opera, at a dinner, when a long glove is removed, or when sables slip from a white shoulder* ♛ *From far-off Norman days, when the flash of crossing lances vied with the quiver of jewels on the breasts of watching princesses, the blue sapphire has been the selected gem to adorn women of splendor. Something of infinity dwells in its blues within blues . . . wisps of light burning in a little windless calm* ♛ *And whether it is a star sapphire, veiling six points in a pale mist of its own, or a sapphire welling its deep pure blue from an embrace of tiny diamonds, if it is from the Marcus collection, its setting is individual and exclusive. . . . A fact apparent to distinguished families who have been coming to this house for their precious stones for over fifty years* ♛ *A collection of blue sapphires from* $30,000 to $100.

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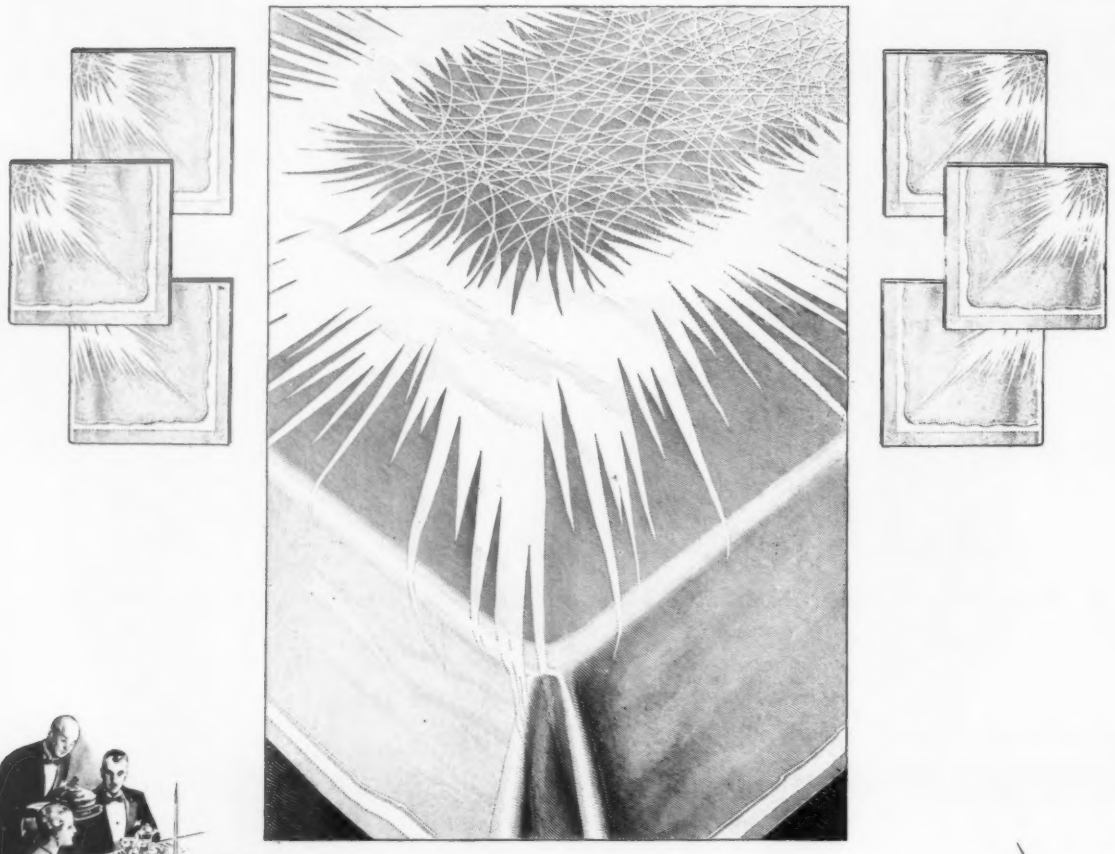
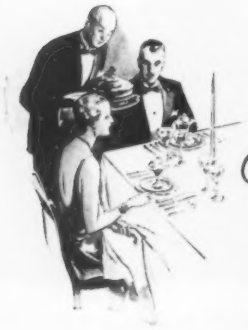
FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY-FIFTH STREET, NEW YORK LONDON PARIS PALM BEACH BOMBAY

LINEN DAMASK
Loomed Luxury for the Table

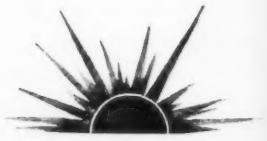




TO THE EYE of taste, there is incomparable distinction in the subdued luxury of Linen Damask laid upon the table. Its exquisite weave, its delicately modulating tones, encompass the ritual of perfect service with a harmonious beauty that is the highest virtue of correctness. The looms of Ireland and Scotland have excelled through the centuries in creating Linen Damask Cloths and Napkins imbued with a supreme expression of this special charm. In homes where the perfect appointment of the table is a first principle of the art of living, Irish or Scottish Linen Damask is essential.

In White, or Pastel Tints. Moderately Priced

"We Dine on Linen Damask", a charming booklet on correct table settings, will be sent you on receipt of ten cents to cover mailing cost. Address The Irish & Scottish Linen Damask Guild, 260 West Broadway, New York.



THE SUNBURST

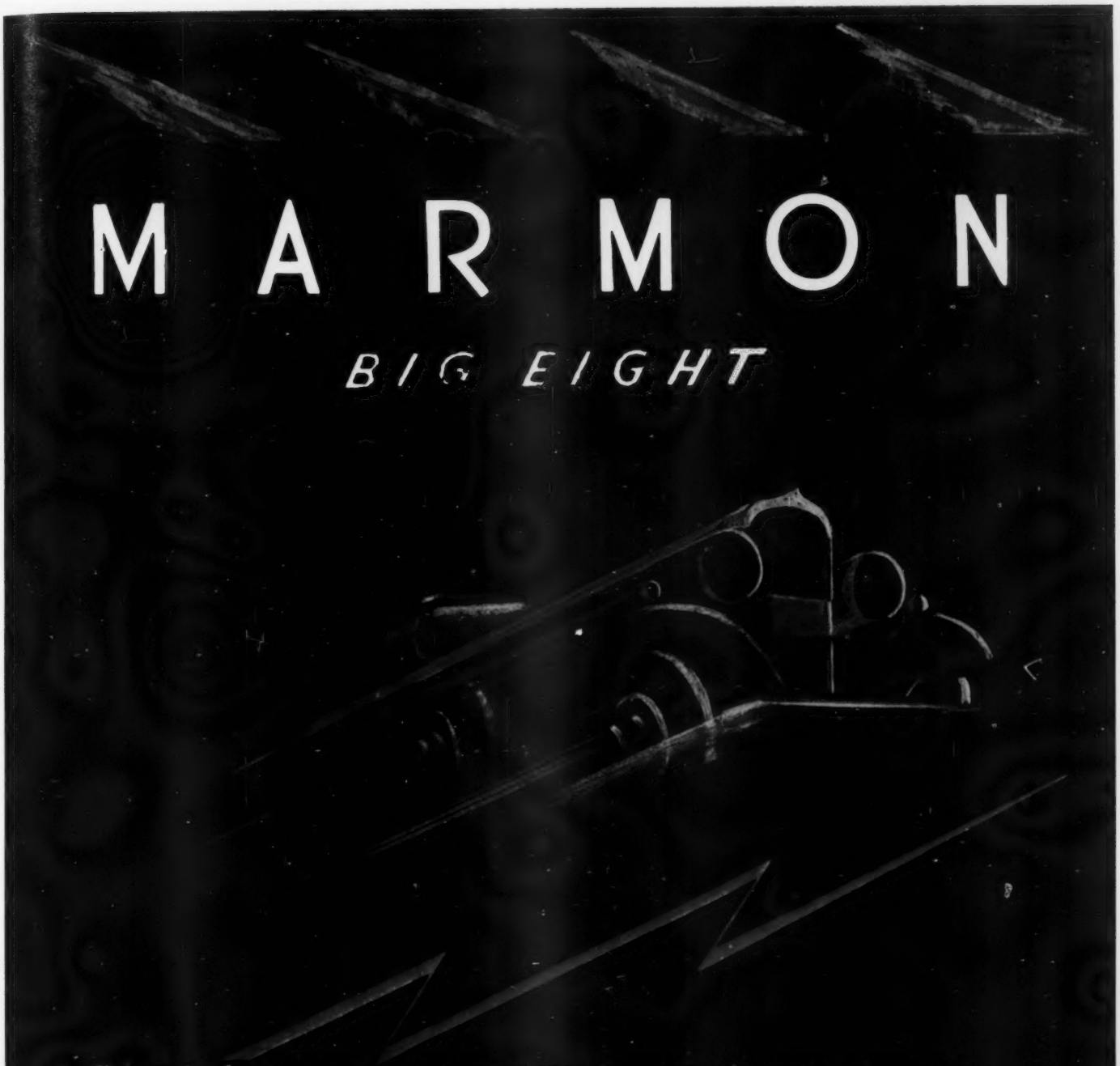
This cloth is loomed in Linen Damask to an inspiration from the radiance of the Sun. With consummate feeling for dynamic rhythms, master weavers have created a design of conventionalized irradiations and suggested shadows, ingeniously utilizing the dual tone of the fabric to an extraordinary brilliance of effect. It is one example from many exclusive designs offered to the discriminating hostess.

LOVELY LINEN
DAMASK TABLECLOTHS & NAPKINS
impressively correct

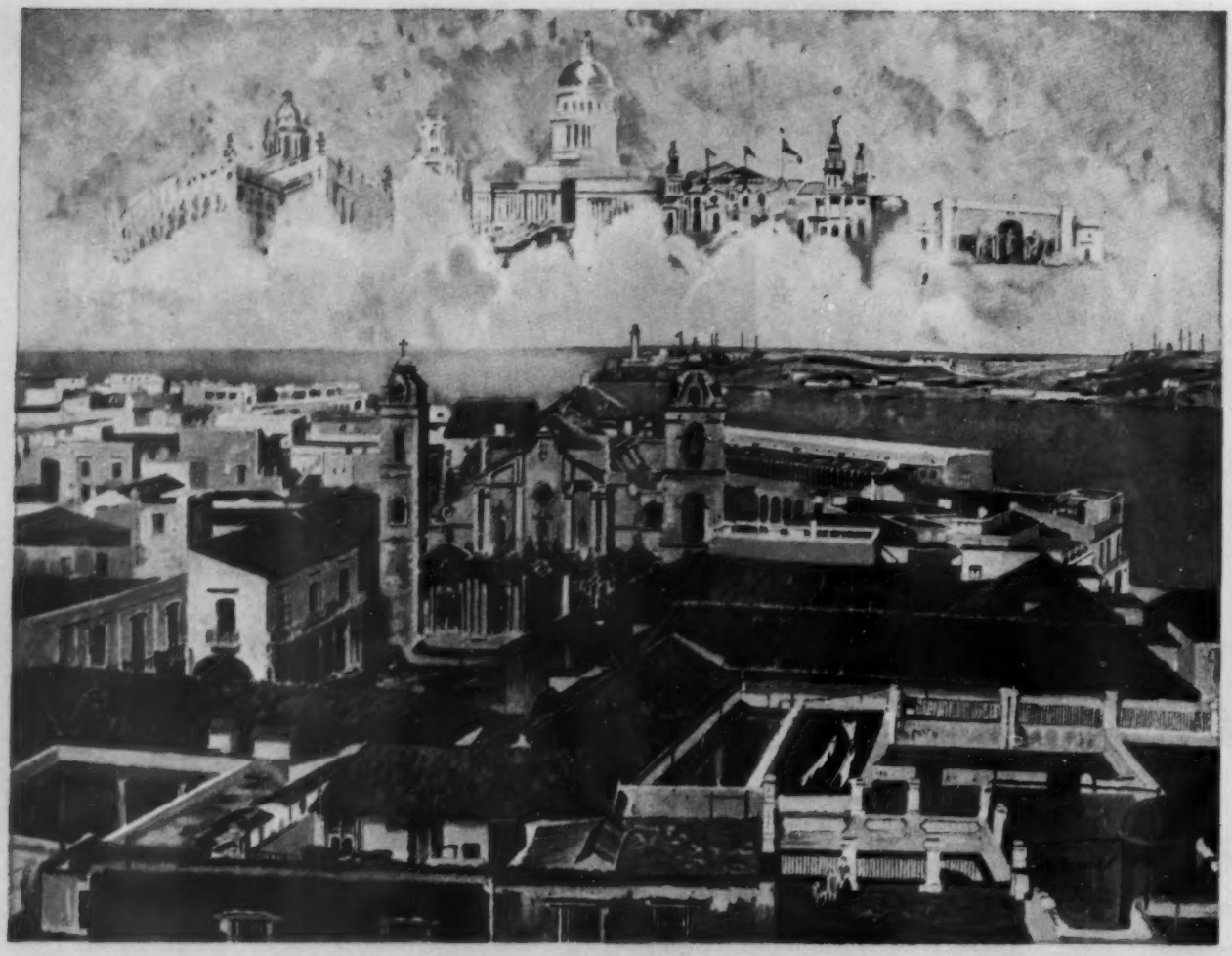
SEE THE NEW IRISH AND SCOTTISH WEAVES AT LEADING STORES

MARMON

BIG EIGHT



The new big fine Marmon + + + EASE—that comes from large size, perfect balance, luxurious, spacious interiors. + + + PERFORMANCE—that comes from majestic power, surging quietly from a 125 H P Straight-Eight engine. + + + DISTINCTION—that comes from the handiwork of the best designers both here and abroad + + + Pictures, specifications and prices on application + + + Marmon Motor Car Company, Indianapolis



HAVANA

Here's a trip abroad—not far away—not too expensive

WHEN winter comes, the travel-wise start south to Cuba. Here is the one winter resort that offers *all* the modern pastimes of the complete vacation—*all* the benefits of travel in the bracing sunshine of the tropics—with the *added* pleasure of an environment that is entirely foreign—different—a thorough change of scene which means a complete getting away from the things you're tired of and carries you into the sparkle, the freedom, the fascinating atmosphere of the old world. They're coming now, by train, by highway, by water, by air, to the pleasures, interests and new experiences that characterize life in the "Pearl of the Antilles" . . . Havana has earned the reputation, "Smartest City in America." Out of this setting of early Spanish colonialism has risen an ultra-modern metropolis of a half-million persons, with every facility for accommodating and entertaining its throngs of winter vacationists . . . deluxe hotels, grand boulevards, the gorgeous Prado, imposing theatres, the opera, broad highways radiating for hundreds of miles through scenic countryside . . . brilliant social life and every summer sport that's known to the out-of-doors—golf, tennis, polo, hunting — deep sea fishing, swimming, yachting — horse racing at famous Oriental Park—the thrilling jai-a-lai, fastest of games—every sport doubly delightful in entrancing tropical surroundings. Here are new health and new pleasures for all the family. (There are good American day and boarding schools for the children). Here is mental rejuvenation for the American business man; a radical change from the routine . . . an opportunity to *forget* business, with the comfortable knowledge that if need be, a phone call can bring him quickly back to his desk. Plan *now* to visit Cuba, the *ultimate* in winter travel! : : :

For information, etc., any travel bureau, any railroad, steamship or airplane ticket office or the National Tourist Commission, Havana.

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SUNNY TUCSON

("TOO-SOHN")

FOR THE WINTER

THE WINTER SEASON here is like a return to the summer gayeties of a Newport or a Bar Harbor... but, instead of yachting togs, it's riding habits, boots and spurs... instead of to smart bridge teas, society turns out to the rodeo... or to ride the range with the cowboys... or to the Old Missions... or to the cactus forests... or nearby Mexico. These are the scenic background of America's Sunshine City where winter, as such, is unknown. ▲ Golf (grass courses), tennis, aviation, hunting... within easy distance of elegant hotels and good shopping facilities.

A vacation here entails only a moderate cost. Use the Sunshine Club as a tourist bureau. Information on rates, reservations, rentals... personal service to visitors before and on arrival... gratis. Just use the coupon. Come transcontinental routes Rock Island or Southern Pacific Lines... or direct Air-Rail Express.

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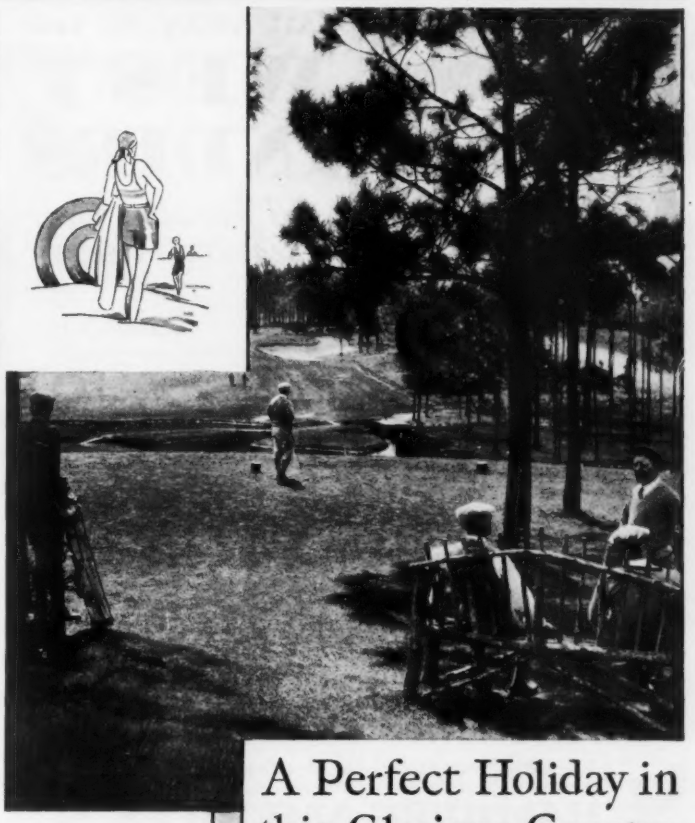


This vacation land is reached by splendid trains of the L. & N. R. R. from the North, East, and Central West. Write to R. D. Pusey, Gen. Pass. Agt., Louisville & Nashville R. R., Room 425-C, 9th & Broadway, Louisville, Ky., for information and literature.

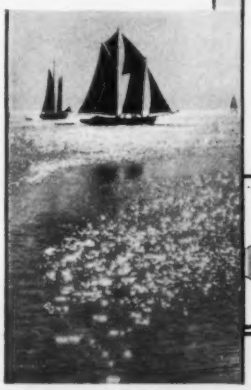
A Perfect Holiday in this Glorious Country and Climate . . . . .

Just the things you like to do, you can enjoy right now on the Gulf Coast. There are no finer golf courses anywhere; there is plenty of swimming in outdoor pools (in the surf on warmer days); there are shooting and fishing; boating; horseback riding; polo; tennis; and all sorts of water sports.

Modern hotels, clubs, apartments, boarding houses---afford any accommodations desired at moderate prices.

Since Bienville and d'Iberville discovered the Gulf Coast in the latter part of the seventeenth century, people have come from all parts of the world to enjoy the wonderful combination of Gulf salt air and ozone from the pine trees, and the sunshine. The climate is neither too hot nor too cold. You do not have to become accustomed to it: you are ready to engage in outdoor sports the day you arrive.

the GULF COAST



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It's really indescribable

...this mysterious desert, this land of nature's vivid contrasts... this new retreat for the luxury loving... but an attempt at description by picture and story has been made in a new book...

"Phoenix, Arizona, The New Winter Playground"

which will be a pleasure to send without obligation... if you will favor us with your address. Write

PHOENIX, ARIZONA CLUB, INC.

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Time: Any day this winter.
Locale: Near Phoenix, Arizona.
Persona: Any Blizzard-weary sojourner from the East.

"UP by desert dawn for a sunrise canter... counted a dozen varieties of song birds ...was almost ashamed of my huge breakfast order...the mornings mail from snowbound friends (not so lucky as I)... off with Dick for a morning round of golf.

In the air at eleven and off with Art for Nogales on the Mexican border for lunch. Back to Chandler for tea at a swanky resort, then a few minutes hop home and much rushing about to be ready for dinner and dancing... and oh what a divine moon last night!"

Why not fly away from rainy days and come by plane-train service to the land of sunshine and shirt-sleeve golf, 56 hrs. from N. Y., 36 from Chi., 3 from L. A.

WHERE VISTAS OF PLEASURE STRETCH BEFORE YOU

STEP out on the warm, hospitable verandah of the new Pine Needles Inn at Pinehurst, N. C. Drink in the fragrance of long-leafed pines, the beauty of wooded hillsides. Listen to horses' hoofs on winding bridle paths, the sounds of good times on famous Donald J. Ross golf courses. Not bad to be alive where the air tingles with jollity and relaxation and delicious meals are worthy of healthy appetites!

The exclusive Pine Needles Inn (open January 25), is suggestive of the old English Inn atmosphere and offers every luxury. The luxurious Carolina Hotel and New Holly Inn are also open.

For illustrated booklet or reservations address General Office, Pinehurst, N. C.

Pinehurst is only 15 hours from N. Y. on the new special through train, "The Carolina Golfer". Leave N. Y. at 5:45 P. M. Arrive at Pinehurst at 8:45 A. M. next morning.

Special Rates During January

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Scotland is more beautiful and for English speaking people more romantic than any country in Europe.

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Hotels, drives, fees, etc. included
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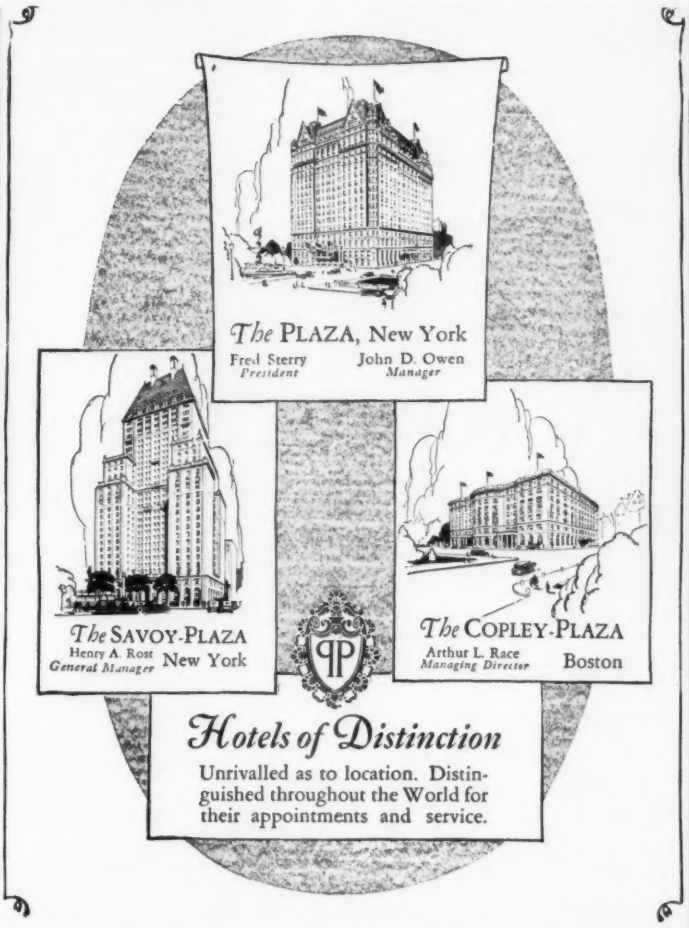

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Let go for awhile and relax. Know the joy of renewed health imparted by the tonic baths, sunshine and open air fun of Hot Springs National Park. ✦ And, come to THE ARLINGTON, distinguished for its hospitable welcome, comfort, cuisine, and interesting contacts. ✦ Here's supreme golf—36 holes—horseback—motoring—tennis—and a smart orchestra for your evening's pleasure. ✦ Here you'll bathe away the warning twinges of rheumatism, mounting blood pressure and nervous disorders in the immaculate Arlington baths, operated within the hotel under supervision of the U. S. Govt. Plan to come now. Just write for attractive booklet and rates, and know more about this delightful resort.

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THE ARLINGTON HOTEL
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The Mauretania . . . favourite of travel connoisseurs

Egypt . . . when Shepheard's verandah in Cairo is humming with excitement . . . when the season is in the pink and the Race Course at Heliopolis has the air of an Arabian Nights Ascot . . . when the Nile is covered with sumptuously decked dahabeahs and all Europe plays on the fringes of the desert . . .

Then the Mauretania times her arrival . . . The sea's aristocrat. The Cunarder that has caught the imagination of experienced travellers as the supreme pleasure yacht . . . the last floating word in transatlantic luxury. Where the world plays in winter, the Mauretania arrives.

She sails from New York February 20th to Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Villefranche, Naples, Athens, Haifa . . . returns via Southampton.

N. Y. to Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Villefranche and Naples . . . . . $275 up.
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AMERICA'S SMARTEST RESORTWEAR

THE smartest resort wardrobes this winter will be chosen where resort fashions originate . . . at Burdine's, Miami, Miami Beach and Palm Beach. Here, in one great modern store and three distinctive shops, has been assembled a brilliantly new and different collection of resortwear . . . Sunshine Fashions. These dashingly smart, original creations—exclusively Burdine's—have captured the enthusiastic approval of leading Parisian Couturiers who recognize them as a definite part of Florida's inimitable resort atmosphere. Their subtlety of design and appropriateness for Florida wear have made Sunshine Fashions the favored resortwear of the most fashion-wise women of America and Europe . . . It is an accepted fact that Burdine's Sunshine Fashions for Florida's winter season define the next summer's mode for all America.

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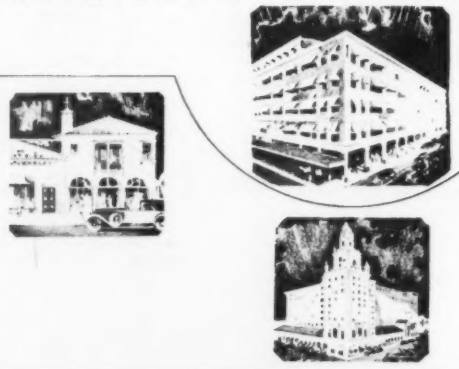
CREATORS OF SUNSHINE FASHIONS



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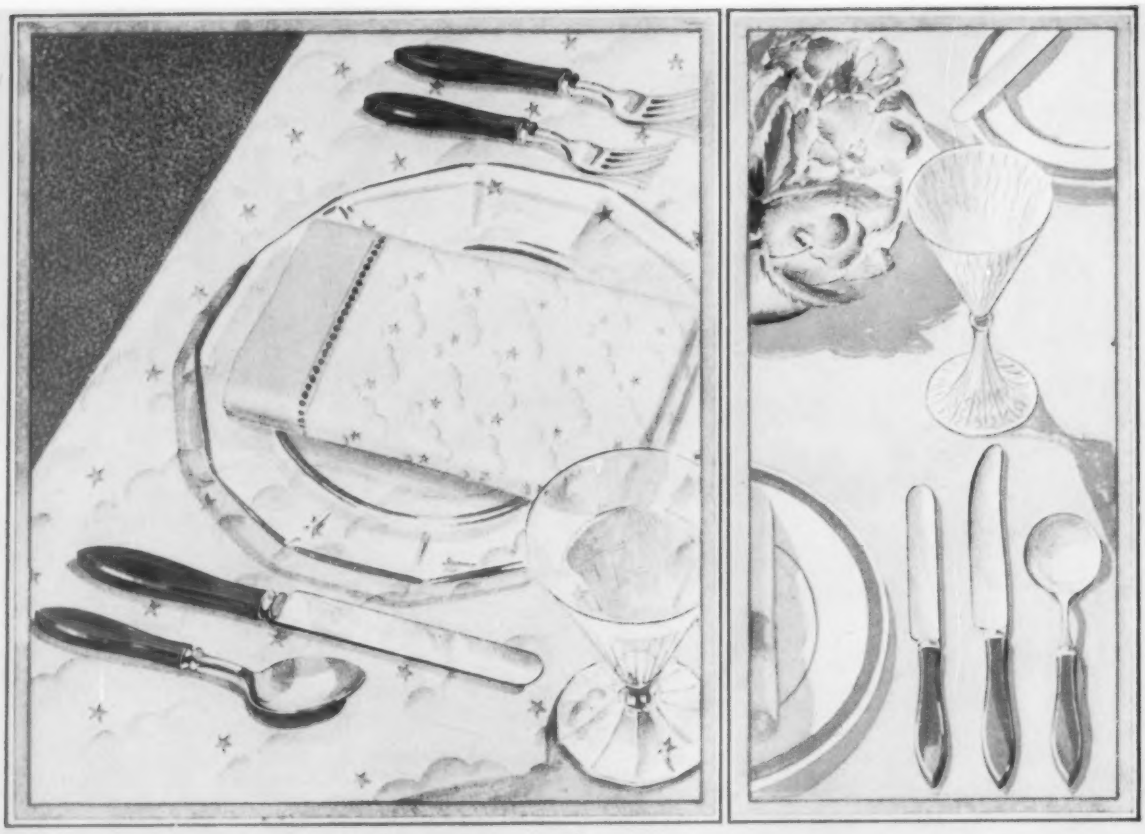


New as *Tomorrow!* Smart as *Today!*

~~~ this exquisite new Lamson tableware in COLOR

THANKS to the stimulating new vogue for color, American homes have taken on a brighter, more cheerful aspect.

Breakfasts and luncheons, teas and suppers are vivid and colorful—certainly gayer and more happily informal than ever before. To better complement exquisite china of new design and fresh unfaded beauty, linen is brighter, glassware more varied.

And now, striking colored tableware . . . new, smart, exquisitely designed . . . makes its timely bow to add another sparkling note to the art of gracious living.

Lamson Color Tableware is tableware of an utterly new type. Its design is lovely and authentic as a pattern in Sterling Silver. But there the resemblance ends.

At an advance showing, Color Tableware delighted the style authorities responsible for its creation. In its graceful lines and gleaming beauty they saw the perfect final touch for the colorful table ensembles of today's discriminating hostess.

There are four lovely colors . . . deep Midnight Blue; vivid Ming Green; delicate Hydrangea Blue; and lustrous Jonquil Yellow. Choose what table motif you will—one of these delightful colors will blend or contrast beautifully.

Lamson Color Tableware, with its stainless steel blades, is remarkably easy to clean and keep brightly polished. It is available in four complete sets with proper pieces for correct usage on any informal occasion: breakfasts and luncheons, teas and bridge suppers, any affair where color and style predominate. It is moderate—even modest!—in price. *And . . .* it opens an entirely new vista in this perplexing Christmas gift question!

Already many leading stores are showing Lamson Color Tableware. May we tell you the name of the one nearest you and send you our booklet? Use the coupon below.

Or you may have a sample piece in any color delivered to your own home for a dollar bill. This last is a special offer, good for a short time and we can send but one piece to each person. Lamson & Goodnow Mfg. Co., Shelburne Falls, Mass. New York Office: 71 Murray St.

These seven pieces are all available in four colors: Jonquil and Hydrangea shown here; Midnight and Ming shown above.

COLOR TABLE WARE

Lamson & Goodnow Manufacturing Company
Shelburne Falls, Mass.

☐ Please send your free booklet.
☐ " " " " " and (check one) a sample Knife ☐ Fork ☐ Spoon ☐ in the color checked: (check one) Midnight Blue ☐ Ming Green ☐ Hydrangea Blue ☐ Jonquil Yellow ☐ for which I enclose $1.00.

Write name and address in margin below.

"The World's Finest Motor Car"

Duesenberg

265 h.p.

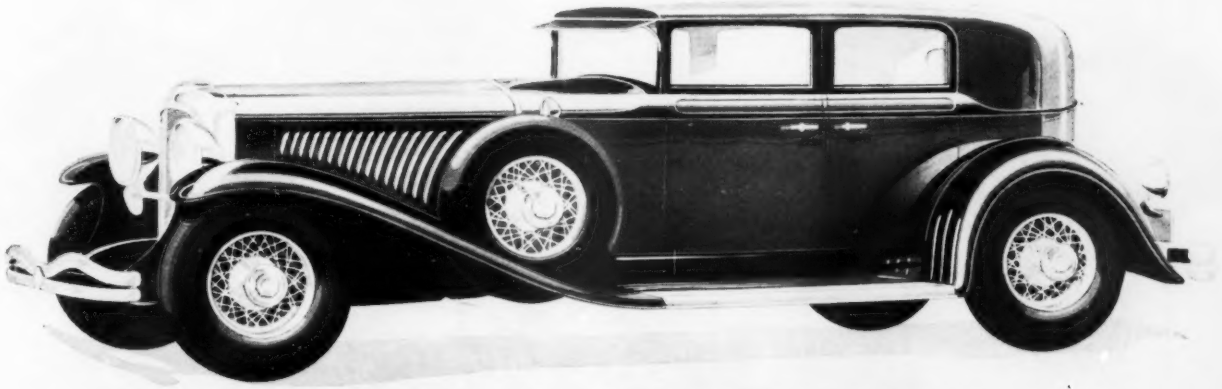
The Duesenberg is sold on exactly the same basis as the world's lowest priced automobile, that is, on dollar for dollar value. The price of the Duesenberg is not based on the intangible but on its structural superiority.

A Power Giant's Backbone

Engineering skill was never put to more severe test than in designing the crankshaft for a motor car engine developing 265 Horsepower. The demands made upon any crankshaft are most trying, but particularly so in a motor as powerful as Duesenberg's. It must be extremely rigid to withstand the terrific strain placed upon it by tremendous centrifugal forces; at the same time, this huge mass of metal must be as finely balanced as the most delicate scales. This rare combination is successfully achieved in the Duesenberg's crankshaft, by employing the finest double-heat-treated alloy steel of extraordinary diameter, 2¾ inches, and by smoothing out any periodic vibrations, through the use of a specially designed mercury vibration dampener. This is typical of the painstaking care exercised with each one of a Duesenberg's more than 7000 parts, to make certain that it will definitely and outstandingly excel the same part on any other car built.

Chassis, $8,500

DUESENBERG, INC., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



Convertible Five-Passenger Sedan-Limousine; body by Willoughby; combination owner or chauffeur-driven automobile.

Whitman's

highest quality-greatest assortment-most desired

for your Christmas list

America's favorite in a new, gay, festive wrapper that carries your "Merry Christmas" in a delightful way—sure of appreciative reception.

The SALMAGUNDI

"A medley of good things" in chocolates packed in a charming metal box. This assortment has become the first choice of many. And the box finds so many feminine uses after the chocolates become a memory.

In one and two pounds.

$1.50 the pound

The SAMPLER

This loved package needs no introduction. It is most American—most charming in design. Each piece in the Sampler is the favorite of tens of thousands of people—chosen by them for its place of honor in the Sampler. Send a Sampler—and win a smile.

In one, two, three and five pounds.

$1.50 the pound

The FLORENTINE

A delightful gift. And useful, too. This art metal box, beautiful in coloring and design with the famous Santa Maria in full sail, is sought after for constant use.

And the assortment (a special selection of favorites) has gained popular favor quickly.

$4 the box

The PRESTIGE

The ultimate in candy gifts! Distinctive in design—useful in box—delicious to the eye and taste in contents. Each piece especially designed for the Prestige—daintier in size with infinite hand work and luscious costly centers. The Prestige presents the highest art in candy. Each piece is a creation—a hand-made gem.

In one, two and three pounds.

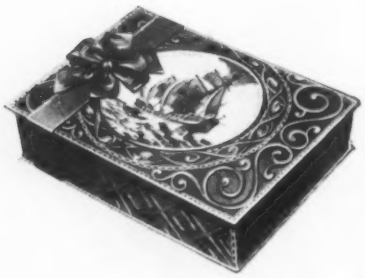
$2 the pound

The PLEASURE ISLAND

Chocolate treasure in a romantic package picturing Ben Gunn and other famous characters from the companion isle—Treasure Island. Here is plunder of the most luscious fruits and nuts and varied centers from all over the world enclosed in Whitman's famous chocolates.

In one and two pounds.

$1.50 the pound



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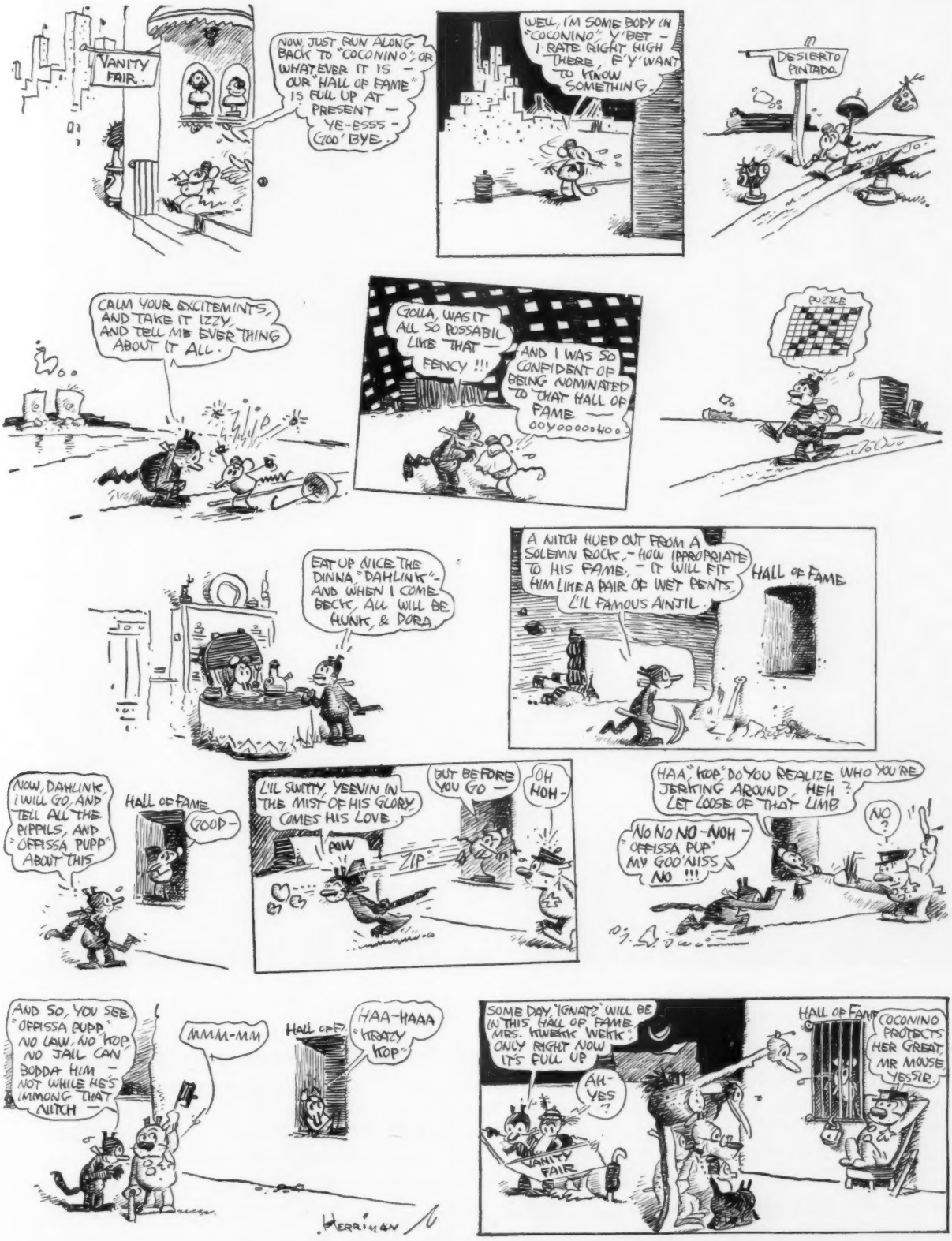
in VANITY FAIR

AN ARTISTIC TRAGEDY BY HERRIMAN, NOTED AMERICAN CARTOONIST


VANITY FAIR.
NOW JUST RUN ALONG BACK TO "COCONINO" OR WHATEVER IT IS — OUR "HALL OF FAME" IS FULL UP AT PRESENT — YE-ESSS — GOO' BYE.
WELL, I'M SOME BODY IN "COCONINO" Y'BET — I RATE RIGHT HIGH THERE, E'Y'WANT TO KNOW SOMETHING.
DESIERTO PINTADO.
CALM YOUR EXCITEMINTS, AND TAKE IT IZZY, AND TELL ME EVER THING ABOUT IT ALL.
GOLLA, WAS IT ALL SO POSSABIL LIKE THAT — FENCY !!!
AND I WAS SO CONFIDENT OF BEING NOMINATED TO THAT HALL OF FAME — OOYOOOOOHOO.
PUZZLE
EAT UP NICE THE DINNA, "DAHLINK" — AND WHEN I COME BECK, ALL WILL BE HUNK, & DORA.
A WITCH HUED OUT FROM A SOLEMN ROCK, — HOW IPPROPRIATE TO HIS FAME, — IT WILL FIT HIM LIKE A PAIR OF WET PENTS. LI'L FAMOUS AINTIL.
HALL OF FAME
NOW, DAHLINK, I WILL GO AND TELL ALL THE PIPPILS, AND "OFFISSA PUPP" ABOUT THIS
HALL OF FAME
GOOD-
LI'L SWITTY YEEVIN IN THE MIST OF HIS GLORY COMES HIS LOVE.
BUT BEFORE YOU GO —
OH HOH-
POW
ZIP
HAA, "HOP," DO YOU REALIZE WHO YOU'RE JERKING AROUND, HEH? LET LOOSE OF THAT LIMB
NO NO NO -NOH - "OFFISSA PUP" MY GOO'NIISS NO !!!
NO?
AND SO, YOU SEE "OFFISSA PUPP," NO LAW, NO "HOP," NO JAIL CAN BODDA HIM — NOT WHILE HE'S IMMONG THAT "KITCH" —
MMM-MM
HALL OF F
HAA-HAAA "KRAZY KOP"
SOME DAY "IGNATZ" WILL BE IN THIS HALL OF FAME MRS. HOWEEK WEEK'S ONLY RIGHT NOW IT'S FULL UP
AH-YES?
VANITY FAIR
HALL OF FAME
COCONINO PROTECTS HER GREAT MR MOUSE YESSIR.
HERRIMAN

PORTRAIT OF DEREK WILLIAMS
OF "JOURNEY'S END"

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VANITY FAIR

FRANK CROWNINSHIELD—editor DONALD FREEMAN—managing editor

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in this number

Oh, Doctor . . . . . George Jean Nathan
The New Persecution . . . . . G. K. Chesterton
A Handbook of Practical Politeness . . . Harold Nicolson
These Mountaineers . . . . . Sherwood Anderson
The Art of Selling Art . . . . . Julius Meier-Graefe
The Silence That Told a Tale . . . . . Claude Anet
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Petrolini, an Acting Genius . . . . . Aldous Huxley
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Subscribers are notified that no change of address can be effected in less than one month

Published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications, Inc., Boston Post Road, Greenwich, Conn. Executive and publishing offices at Greenwich, Conn. Editorial offices, Graybar Building, Lexington at 43rd Street, New York. Cable address Vonork. French office, 65 avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris. Condé Nast, President; Francis L. Wurzburg, Vice-President; W. E. Beckerle, Treasurer; M. E. Moore, Secretary. Subscription $4.00 a year in the United States and Colonies, Mexico and Canada. $5.00 in foreign countries. Single copies 35c. Address all correspondence relating to subscriptions to Vanity Fair, Greenwich, Connecticut. Entered as second class matter at Greenwich, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U. S. A. by The Condé Nast Press. Title Vanity Fair Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Manuscripts must be accompanied by postage for their return if unavailable. Vanity Fair assumes no responsibility for unsolicited contributions except to accord them courteous attention and ordinary care.
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BERENICE ABBOTT

JAMES JOYCE

a master of english prose, author of "ulysses" and the new "work in progress"

■ Whether or not James Joyce of Dublin and Paris is the greatest writer of English prose living today, he can show the incidental insignia of literary genius: the poverty, the ill-health and semi-blindness, the human pettiness, the pride and the bright seeing stare, but there is also the history of his achievement: the half-million polyglot words of *Ulysses*, unquestionably the most important single volume of fiction written in our time and by many considered the most important volume ever written; the Biblical rhapsody and jeremiad of *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*; the short stories in *Dubliners*, "exquisite and desolate integers"; and finally the book still incomplete, now titled *Work in Progress*, which reveals that Mr. Joyce has swung off the edge of the earth, away from the gravitational force of all known traditions of language, and is writing in a puzzling idiom. But still and always he challenges the understanding, one against all gods, by the fact of his stature a Solitary, finally indecipherable and unforgettable

VANITY FAIR

THE NEW PERSECUTION ▪ BY G. K. CHESTERTON

■ Popular education is positive persecution. Compared with it, the Spanish Inquisition was merely negative persecution. To some this may seem to have a faint savour of disapproval or regret for modern education. But it need not be so; for it is not a condemnation but a description. There is a very strong case for persecution, both positive and negative; people are not necessarily doing wrong when they are persecuting; but they are doing wrong in not knowing what they are doing. And the above statement is a clear but colorless summary of an important distinction. All the fires and faggots, all the racks and red-hot pincers, of the old religious persecutions were used to make sure that men should *not* learn this or that form of heresy. All the books and blackboards, all the maps and diagrams of the State Schools, backed by State inspectors and State police, are used to make sure that men *shall* learn this or that fact of history, or what not. The old coercion was more cruel but more concentrated, working in holes and corners against an unpopular minority, narrowing its circles to pounce upon particular exceptions. The new coercion is more mild and humane but much more ubiquitous and universal; keeping the power of police—on which it depends—much more in the background, but successfully imposing its information, not on a minority that has rebelled, but on a majority that has never thought of rebelling. Compulsory education is compulsory propaganda, where the other is only compulsory expurgation. In the old case the Inquisitor censors the press; in the new case he owns the press.

■ Now why did the modern world, which talked so much of liberty, take up so lightly the very drastic social discipline of driving everybody to school? I think we should agree about the general atmosphere or assumption under which it was done. It was done with the idea that education was something apart from politics and religion and all controversial topics. Education was simply instruction, and instruction in very simple and self-evident things. The State schools were to give elementary education. And elementary education was very elementary. Moreover it is true that there are truths indisputable except by a very fantastical scepticism; such as the truths of mathematics or the manifestations of the senses. There may be two sides to a question, but there are three sides to a triangle. In short it really is true, in connection with things like simple arithmetic or the A B C, that education, though it is compulsion, need not be persecution. But education strays easily into controversy the moment it steps out of the single rut of very simple things. Even in the very elementary education subjects were included, which can not be uncontroversial, such as a very elementary history. In elementary education, therefore, there must be partisan and questionable elements. But as a matter of fact, the problem has become much more acute than this; and that for a special reason which appears to have escaped observation.

■ What nobody seems to have noticed is this: On top of all this ambition to extend education to cover all classes, there has come another ambition of extending it so as to cover all subjects. We began by saying that the schoolmaster must teach everybody; we have begun to say that he must teach everybody everything. And if he is to go on adding more and more subjects, he must go on adding more and more controversial subjects. He only managed to be impartial by being impersonal, as about the three sides of a triangle; if he is to influence the whole personality of the pupil, he must become very personal and perhaps very partial because there are always two sides of a question. And this partiality is, at any given moment, backed up by the whole power of modern police. So long as we limited education we limited compulsion, and perhaps limited it to commonplaces to which men may reasonably be compelled. But when we enlarge education we enlarge compulsion; as we multiply schools we multiply prisons; as we open new fields of psychology or aesthetics we bring province after province of the human mind under the control of a new Censor and a modern Inquisition.

The truth is that State instruction set out with the idea of teaching what the English called, with humorous inaccuracy, the three R's, Reading, Writing and Arithmetic, assuming that they were three truisms like Right, Reason, and Reality. But the new curriculum is as controversial as the three R's advanced by that electioneering demagogue, who appealed to America with the triad of Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion. He is now commonly spoken of as a very unfortunate political adventurer; but in truth what were then condemned as paradoxes must be implied in many standard summaries as truisms. Any official generalization, which assumes the last amendment to the American Constitution, does pronounce a partisan opinion about rum. Any conventional history, which calls the Reformation a reform, does pronounce a partisan opinion about Rome. And the very fact that modern government can fine or imprison anybody who chooses to withdraw his child from the schools where these things are taught, is a significant and sufficient summary of how it deals with rebellion.

Since the severity of the punishment can have nothing logically to do with the claim of the authority, we may repeat that this is to bring the human mind under the control of the Censor and the Inquisitor. But the point is that it is positive and not negative, permanent and not exceptional. The ink of the Censor does not black things out, but writes them in. The brand of the Inquisitor does not burn things out, but burns them in. And enlarging the scope of the schools means that more and more things are to be branded indelibly with the mark of the State.

■ This legal and logical fact must not be confused for a moment with the random skepticism that denies the dependence of childhood and the need for a natural authority. It is obvious that somebody must teach children something; but in most civilizations it is normal for the general view of life to descend from father to son. In our civilization alone the son can be taken, forcibly and by law, from the father, and taught an increasingly large and complex number of things with which the father may or may not agree. It might be defended under a desperate necessity of teaching people particular things, which they could not possibly learn otherwise, and which it was essential that they should learn somehow. But obviously it is a most unfortunate field for the ambition of schoolmasters to teach new topics, or the expansion of schools to include new branches of science. For the whole thing rests on force; and the force is a great deal more fixed and certain than the authority. But it is at least clear that under these circumstances to extend the definition of education is to extend the application of coercion. To say that the sense of beauty should be a part of education is to say that the sense of beauty should be under state control. To say that games and amusements are an essential part of education is to say that they must be part and parcel of a penal law. If philosophy is imparted in the school, philosophy is imposed by the State. If a sense of humor is to be trained in the training school, it will be governed by the government. The emancipation *(Continued on page 80)*

a stock market post-mortem

BY DAVID CORT

the unknown soldier of wall street speaking from his unmarked grave laments the late disaster

sculptures in bronze of orientals by harold cash, a young american who has won a european success

■ What distinguished the recent collapse of the stock market from other American panics, multiplying the total hysteria but deadening the individual shock, was that it was a thoroughly democratic affair: everybody was in it. All the disgrace in a bourgeois country of being bankrupted was eliminated by the fact that almost everybody else was being bankrupted simultaneously. Other panics have been professional: a movement in stock values, supported in the main by professional traders, to correspond with an imminent or indicated shift in the nation's industrial status. Thus, the recessions after the Civil War, at the opening of the World War, at the beginning of the twentieth century.

But this latest show, in addition to being everyman's party, had nothing whatever to do with any industrial condition, commodity or inventory inflation, war or politics. It was, so far as the eye can yet see, an event all by itself, with no beginning and only a middle and end, an event suspended in mid-air and admirably suited to observation and rationalization to prove anything at all.

It was all Wall Street; but since, in this instance, Wall Street was coincident with Main Street, it was super–Wall Street, nightmare Wall Street. Thus it is public property, and incidentally the property of every cracker-barrel philosopher, with or without a theory.

■ Oddly enough, the newspapers underplayed it, even though they gave it streamer headlines day after day. They were compelled to underplay it. If they had reproduced starkly the utter bottomlessness of the thing, anything might have happened. They withheld mention of many of the small houses that failed, of the hundreds of undistinguished suicides. It was an economic obligation that they should understate, that they should insert the qualifying word of hope and good cheer. On days when twelve million and sixteen million shares were being sold for whatever they would bring, to the quite conclusive ruin of butcher and baker, rich man and poor man, the papers sensibly concluded that it was not a time for realism. They naturally reported it in superlatives, as it deserved, but in such a way that hardly anyone realized that they were superlatives of tragedy. Instead, screaming laughter was the keynote. It became suddenly very respectable, even smart, to have been cleaned out in Wall Street. It was the joke of a month, of two, and its point dulled very gradually. The strange delight of the puff to one's self-esteem conveyed by appearing (indirectly, of course) in headlines on the front page, served as a paralyzing drug to the humble. "STOCKS BREAK ON HUGE SELLING RUSH" somehow meant me and you and you, it was infinitely more personal than reparations or lobbying or elections. For that little hour we were intensely and thrillingly living. It was all like a children's party on a roller-coaster. Wheee! Here we go! Hold on everybody! The uncertain intoxication of moving rapidly through space without any power under heaven to control the vehicle dulled for a while any accurate realization of exactly what was happening.

■ It was a longer ride down than anyone had expected. Bump after anticlimactic bump shook off the few grim survivors. Everyone was pretty bored with it long before it was over. At last realism had its day. By word of mouth went the rumours of the failures and the suicides. Half the people you knew were penniless and beginning all over again. It was no joke, no joke at all, all that money gone—pouf! and what to use for money in the unmagical morning? The luxury and semi-luxury industries had laid off thousands of workers. Millions in contracts had been cancelled. The jewelers, the dressmakers, the fur houses, the steamship companies, suffered the worst immediate penalty. Men who a month before had been in retirement with comfortable fortunes were out looking for jobs. The tailor on the corner had had to fire his assistant, but the butcher was dead.

It is easy to be cynical and to say that if you win in the stock market you are investing, but if you lose you are gambling. Yet that is very closely the popular philosophy. The amateur trader in buying stocks on margin does not do it in the same spirit that he plays poker or bets on a horse, that is, he does not take into equal consideration the two possibilities that he may lose his money as well as that he may double it. He believes that he is using his business head to make money and that if he has a good business head he will win. He does not admit that pure chance is the controlling factor. He does not admit it, that is to say, unless his stock goes down. In that case he lays it to bad luck, not to poor judgment. But if it goes up, that is good judgment. Although it sounds silly and perverse, the credo is simple enough and it has an integrity of its own. But during the past years in the United States it has been augmented by another premise. In such a great and prosperous country the small speculator has felt that he is, in a sense, underwriting America's prosperity when he buys ten shares of so-and-so on margin. He has conceived of himself as riding along with his country on a wave of unlimited prosperity.

This sensation of being a part of a well-to-do and comfortable society is what has logically led to the extreme conservatism of the American people, their extreme shyness of change. And this conservatism was demonstrated with

the most astounding completeness throughout the stock market crash. In any other country in any other time so many ruined men, so many suddenly unemployed, would have become a danger, at least an embarrassment, to the country. But such a possibility is effectually checked in the United States by the fact that the average man has an enormous respect for the industrial structure that has given him so many gifts. This is translated into a thoroughly undemocratic awe of the lords of industry, far more binding than the awe of a medieval serf for his monarch because it is more intellectual. The captain of industry is not, in fact, a man at all; he is an invisible symbol, a force operating omnipotently down through a vast impersonal hierarchy. This is no place, however, for a study of American industry, surely a strange and unparallelled phenomenon, except for the notation of this awe in which the "small man" holds the "big man", an awe which is one of the most valuable bulwarks of our civilization. It has served its turn again without a ripple of effort, in preventing this convulsion of the small man's purse from assuming serious sociological or political significance, except as this may be led down controlled channels

■ For the class affected in this event is probably the most important body of citizens in any country: the ambitious, comfortably placed, industrious and responsible small brains and small talent of America, the non-commissioned and minor commissioned officers of the industrial army, and their wives. For many of these the most important financial event of their lives will always remain the 1929 Wall Street panic. Conclusions of some kind they must manufacture and nourish for the sake of their self-respect, but what they will be I do not know.

For they have seen some very peculiar sights. They have watched, among others, the common stock of the United States Steel Corporation, one of the strongest and wealthiest companies anywhere in the world, tumble over 100 points from 260; Westinghouse Manufacturing from almost 300 to 100; General Electric break in two from over 400 to under 170; Montgomery Ward from 156 to 49; Continental Can from 92 to 40. The gilt-edged stocks of the world crumpled in value at a time of uninterrupted and in some cases mounting prosperity; and after the assurances of the president and leading industrialists to the effect that business was "sound", conditions"healthy", had been published, they continued to crumple. The banks bought, the big financiers announced that they were buying, and still they sagged.

During that time, wealth as represented by confidence in the (*Continued on page 89*)

WEYHE GALLERIES

■ The penultimate possibility would seem to be that the sculptures in bronze reproduced on these two pages are the work of anyone but an Asiatic artist born into an antique tradition. Yet they are, in fact, from the hand of an American in his thirties, Harold Cash, a sculptor who, after an indifferent success in America, went to Paris and made a considerable impression there and in London. Roger Fry, the foremost English art critic, has even proposed the sculptures of Mr. Cash for the Tate Gallery. Mr. Cash is an unusual event in art: an occidental interpreting the forms of the eastern world, devoting himself to Indo-Chinese types, so that his figures have a bland, mysterious quality that challenges the imagination. His problem is an especially subtle one, that of rendering the occult and the unknowable through a searching study of its appearances

sculptures by harold cash

the art of selling art

BY JULIUS MEIER-GRAEFE

a distinguished german authority explains the methods and modus operandi of european dealers

● Dealing in art as a business is nearly as old as the passion for art itself. If faith may be placed in the diary of the Englishman John Evelyn, who visited the Rotterdam market in 1641, the trade even at that time had a strong capitalistic tendency. Canny rich peasants bought up large numbers of pictures on speculation for sums amounting to $25,000 to $30,000—at the values of today.

The present form of the art trade originated in England. Sothby & Co. was founded in 1744, Colnaghi in 1760; the firms of Agnew and Christy are also over a hundred years old. The greatest of them all, Duveen, is of recent origin.

Until recently Turner and Constable and the Barbizon school marked the extreme limit of modernity in the English art trade. Since the war—due to the influence of Parisian dealers, especially the young and energetic Etienne Bignou—the modern French artists have been included.

The Paris market, which at present is becoming more and more a huge export centre, relies on the universal importance of French art. In the Nineties the trade, in Paris, centred in the streets around the Hotel Drouot, the official auction house; and the *rue Lafitte* harboured (besides the *Banque* Rothschild), the principal dealers handling present day art. Coming from the Boulevard, the first store was the little establishment of old Bernheim, who only after considerable hesitation turned towards the Impressionists, then Vollard's shop, a single room with two show windows, which always gave the impression of moving day. The Cézannes and Gauguins stood against the walls by the dozen and the visitor had to take care not to put his foot through a masterpiece. Then came Durand-Ruel's house, which extended through to the next street; then a few more small shops, among them Moline's, who in the old days bought Constantin Guys at twenty *francs* a dozen and from whom I purchased *Chahut* by Seurat for two hundred *francs*, a picture which is now in the Kröller-Müller collection in the Hague and which, at the present prices of Seurats, would fetch $150,000. On the other side of the street were Camentron, who often had Daumiers; Pellet, Lautrec's agent, and others. In the neighbourhood, *rue de Provence*, corner of *rue Chauchat*, beckoned the new façade of the Art Nouveau decorated by Brangwyn. Here old Bing, formerly dealer in Japanese goods, tried to market the neo-impressionists, Tiffany glasses, and other modern objects of art.

The connoisseurs of Manet's generation browsed around in this section. Shops with older French works, especially engravings, were everywhere. The left bank of the Seine up to Montparnasse was crowded with them. Here the dealers had no idea what went on in the *rue Lafitte*. In 1895 one of the dealers showed me a pastel by Degas with dancers. In order to justify his price of 800 *francs*, which he considered high, he told me that the painter was highly esteemed on the other side of the river. Whoever had time could pick up in this section sketches and watercolours by Delacroix at absurd prices. Earlier the Goncourts had found Fragonards, Bouchers and St. Aubins here. The tiny shops often consisted of a few stands with portfolios, just as in the time of Daumier, who painted such interiors and what took place within them.

● From 1914, and during the war the centre shifted to the *rue la Boétie* and the adjacent parts of the *faubourg St. Honoré*, and the *rue Lafitte* is now deserted. The three or four largest dealers have built their own houses, whose comfort has been adapted to the continuous bull market in art and the many American customers. Nearly all the large firms have branches in New York.

Although the big dealers are not excessively popular with their more modest colleagues, it cannot be said of them that they swallow up the little fellows. Resourcefulness and skill are always the best capital in this business and prestige does not depend upon the elegance of the shop, but on the quality of the stock. The goods are there and discriminating customers are there, who know what they want. The new part of the Louvre sings the praises of the Parisian art dealers, for in the Louvre so many private collections find their ultimate resting place. The collections Thomy-Thierry and Camondo and the later one of Pellerin are for the most part the work of individual dealers whom the collectors trusted.

The heroic epoch is over. The domestic purchasers of to-day are rarely connoisseurs who are driven solely by the fanaticism of the collector, they are careful and calculating business men. Since the death of old Henry Rouart, whom no offer could tempt to dispose of the smallest object in his collection, and since the passing of his concierge, who was a passionate collector of Daumiers and who also refused to give up his beautiful sketches and watercolours, that sort of Parisian collector has become legendary. But, if the amateurs trade in art more or less shamefacedly, the dealers are amateurs too.

I know only a few dealers of importance who would market sardines or soap with equal success. Every Parisian art dealer who respects himself has a private collection. It is often in an aristocratic part of the city or as an annex to a branch shop in the country with higher prices, but scarcely less stable than the possession of most of the official collectors and is continually added to. One of the guarantees of the market rests on this custom. The dealers' exhibition arranged last year gives a good idea of it. Thirty-six Parisian dealers sent works of the 19th and 20th Centuries from their private collections. There could easily have been ten such exhibitions.

In Berlin there is an essential difference due to the colonial origin of the city, and this has not even yet been overcome. It is true that a Berlin school of art worthy of great respect has existed for a hundred years, but it was created for a quite different and much smaller Berlin and doesn't begin to satisfy the needs of the metropolis. An extraordinarily large percentage of art works comes from elsewhere, mostly from Paris. Importation is Berlin's pride and its weakness. It furnishes all sorts of beautiful things, but it hinders the development of the qualities of native craftsmanship common in Paris. The German dealer lives in a sleeping car and employs his energy in every possible way, but, even if he could be in Paris every week, he could but rarely reach the sources open to the Parisian dealers. As buyer he cannot seriously compete with his Parisian colleagues, for he is as dependent upon them for current business as a Berlin style shop is upon the great Parisian couturiers. As a result there is a great demand for money and, in order to buy cheaply, cash must be paid. Formerly it was different. Until the outbreak of the war, Paul Cassirer, at that time the most prominent dealer, could acquire the finest Manet on a commission basis and could sell for scarcely more than the Paris prices. Without paying an advance, he was silent partner of Durand-Ruel and others. England was not yet in the market; America and other countries were just beginning; Germany was the best customer.

● German galleries were ahead of all others, even the French ones. This halo also benefited Cassirer's colleagues, who flirted with Paris. So long as these pleasant relations lasted, one mistake on the part of the German trade remained unnoticed. The dealers rarely considered the future and failed to invest their profits in goods. The war is not entirely to blame. It is due to the method of buying.

Thirty years ago the city had two art stores, and these carried only German pictures. At present there are in the western part of Berlin whole streets of art dealers. War and inflation demonstrated the usefulness of art as an investment. While the Government securities shrank to nothing, the value of French paintings doubled and trebled. There is no lack of courage and talent among German dealers, and there are a few *(Continued on page 80)*

STEICHEN

genevieve tobin

a vivacious actress of the drama is starred in the musical comedy "fifty million frenchmen"

• Genevieve Tobin is another of our young actresses the patter of whose little feet echoed ingenuously upon the stage when she was still a child. She and her sister, Vivian, with two other talented members of the family, appeared at that time—not so long ago—in a sprightly vaudeville act entitled, with an engaging absence of affectation, The Four Tobins. As the mischievous Irish girl in *Little Old New York*, Miss Tobin achieved her first definite taste of critical and public acclaim. A year or so ago, with a thoughtful eye upon the happy throng of young American actresses who have won popularity with British audiences, she sailed for London, to appear there with remarkable success in *The Trial of Mary Dugan* and in *Jealousy*. Miss Tobin returns to New York to be starred in *Fifty Million Frenchmen*, the musical comedy produced by E. Ray Goetz, with lyrics and music by Cole Porter—a theatrical confection whose scenes are laid in and around the Ritz Bar, the American Express office on the *rue Scribe*, Zelli's and other sympathetic retreats long cherished in the hearts of American visitors to that dear Paris

oh, doctor!

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

wherein a patient patient scrutinizes the medical men and their salient traits

■ As one who, man and boy, has liberally patronized the medical profession for more than forty years and paid its bills on the first of each month, cuss-words notwithstanding, I have arrived, somewhat belatedly as must be apparent, at the conclusion that the good health of Frenchmen must be due to the notorious badness of French doctors and to the correlated fact that a Frenchman seldom calls one in to look after him. Like most human beings I have been assailed by the average repertoire of malaises; like most human beings I have on such occasions called up a medical gentleman for professional advice; and, like most human beings, I have nine times out of ten subsequently found that I might just as well have saved the money.

There are of course, occasions—the tenth time in ten—when a doctor is not only necessary but highly profitable. I am not so physiologically bumptious as to venture to deny that. But in the general run of things—at least so far as my own experience has gone—he may, I believe, very safely be left either at home or on the golf links. Let me, by way of illustration, display a few lantern slides of my personal adventures with the profession.

Since the age of fifteen, I have been a periodic sufferer from neuralgic pains in the left eyeball. Seeking relief, I have consulted, by actual count, seventy-one different doctors not only in America but in England, France, Austria, Germany and Italy and I have the honor to report that, for all their wisdom and bills, the damn pain is still there. This pain has been variously diagnosed—with appropriate treatment subsequently undergone—as resulting from acute astigmatism, an infection of the fifth facial nerve, sinus congestion, stiffness of the muscles at the back of the neck, lead poisoning, malnutrition, poor circulation, streptococci, something wrong with the nasal passages, tonsils, teeth, eyestrain, acidity, tobacco, acute nervousness, a bone pressing against a nerve, a trigeminal tic, too much coffee, improper assimilation of certain foods principally fish, not enough fresh air, climatic conditions, kidney trouble, the use of poisonous hair tonics, overwork, the use of alcohol, sleeping on too high a pillow, together with any number of other causes, each separate cause being profoundly enunciated in turn by each of seventy medical gentlemen. There were some agreements, however—chiefly as to coffee, alcohol, tobacco and fish. Only one doctor, the seventy-first, a distinguished member of the staff of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, was frank enough to admit that he didn't know what caused the neuralgia, couldn't find out and wouldn't know anything to cure it if he did.

As I say, I went through thousands of dollars worth of treatments for the alleged causes of my neuralgia and not a blamed thing happened. I've always felt just as rotten after it was all over as before the doc began feeling my pulse, looking at my tongue, taking my temperature, and making a face like a wise man. I've had my teeth X-rayed, my arm scratched in food tests, my blood examined, my eyes examined, my spine massaged, my nose operated upon, my sinuses punctured and everything else done to me as recommended, and by the dawn's early light the pain was still there. One eminent doctor insisted the neuralgia was due to lead paint on the wallpaper in the room in which I slept. I had the paper removed and the pain gradually got worse. Another, after six visits, stated that it was his conviction that my trouble was due to overwork, the aforesaid conviction failing to convince me entirely as, at the time, I happened to be in Austria where I had been resting and taking life easy for five months. Still

MELODY AND RHYTHM

"into the moving night", by arthur b. davies

work by the american master who is to have memorial exhibitions in new york this winter

● The two paintings reproduced here with which the late Arthur B. Davies has endowed the world of art. *Melody and Rhythm*, owned by the Davies estate, is shown on the opposite page, while, above, is *Into the Moving Night.* Both of these canvases are currently on view at the Ferargil Gallery in a memorial exhibition of Davies' work. Another comprehensive show will be held at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in March. These two examples show admirably the major characteristics of this American master's work; his instinct for the classical in form and movement; the visual poetry of his designs; and his consummate blending of figures and landscape

another informed me that I had undoubtedly inherited the neuralgia from my father or mother, neither of whom had ever had any such neuralgia.

A man, feeling out of sorts, went to see a doctor. After the examination, the latter admonished him as follows: "No more meat, lots of vegetables and three cigars a day; mind you, just *three* a day—no more!" Several days later the man returned, looking and feeling terribly. "What's the trouble?" asked the doctor. "I don't know," replied the customer. "But it must be those cigars. I never smoked one before."

■ It's an old story, but it seems to fit my case. Then there are colds. Like everybody else, when I don't know what else to do I seem to go in for catching colds. I have had some beauties and they've been just as beautiful after doctors got through with them as they were before I was fool enough to telephone. If there ever was a doctor who could actually shut up a cold in less time than it takes a cold to shut itself up, I don't know his address—and I know a lot of doctors' addresses. Among the doctors' recommendations that I've followed and paid ten dollars apiece for have been everything from quinine to creosote and from hot-drinks at bed-time to belladonna, and I've continued to sneeze my head off and groan notwithstanding. I've listened to medical patter on the subject of my colds for years and I've obeyed instructions to the letter, but my colds haven't seemed to pay any attention to the imparted medical sagacity. My memory whimsically recalls the professional stuff: "Avoid draughts . . . keep the bowels open . . . keep the temperature in your room even, not too hot, not too cold . . . keep your window open at night but be careful to cover up well . . . don't go into crowded places . . . gargle bi-carbonate of soda every two hours . . . bundle up well if you go out . . . don't overexert yourself . . . a mild nasal spray would be a good thing . . . take this medicine every three hours . . . and you'll be all right again in a couple of days." In other words, so far as my colds have been concerned, boloney! I've been all right again in a week or nine days, maybe, when the cold has just naturally got tired of me and has gone somewhere else, but not a minute before.

■ The trouble with doctors, I find, is that they seldom admit that anything stumps them. When they don't know what's wrong with you or, knowing, of the way to cure it, do they confess as much? They do not. With the old ten dollar fee in sight, they invariably proceed to mask a guessing contest as science. For several years I had *(Continued on page 90)*

STEICHEN

in "blind window", a new play from the hungarian, miss merrill reveals the wide range of her acting ability

beth merrill

hymn to noise

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

some tintinnabulations of modern life that would resound accurately on the imagination of a blind man

● If I were to be dropped, blindfolded, out of an airplane into Chicago or any of the other capitals of the world, I believe I could tell, if I survived, the name of the city in which I had landed. If I knew the town well enough, I could tell the name, perhaps the number, of the street. I don't have to see the world. I hear it.

I remember San Francisco by her clicking cables, Madrid by her yowling yellow trams, Sorrento by her tambourines, Spokane by the roar of her falls, Bucharest by the rumble of her ox teams—and the boardwalk at Atlantic City by the shuffling of negro feet! I recall the church bells of Delft, the taxis of Paris, the wooden shoes of Bar-le-Duc, the coral vendors of Capri, the "eating theatres" of Vienna; the splash of the flying fish in Naples' painted harbour, the dropping of the pennies in Trevi's Roman fountain, the orators in Hyde Park, and the anvil chorus in The Loop.

My first impression—and lasting memory—of the most beautiful city in the world is a noise: the lapping of Venetian waters; on the steps of the railway station, against the hull of the waiting gondola, along the edges of the narrow canals, under the windows of the Danieli.

Not only beautiful places but beautiful experiences are memorialized by noise. This last summer, I went back to Belgium to visit Cardinal Mercier and renew old memories of war-saddened days. In the narrow road beside the cathedral at Malines, on the plot of ground hallowed by the heroism of Belgium's grand old man, gay-kerchiefed men and women were dancing. Singing. Shouting. Playing strange instruments. Whirling about on creaking, grinding, whistling merry-go-rounds. Enjoying their "Kermys", their village fair. I knew that Belgium was no longer war-saddened—and I have been happier ever since because there was a large, gay noise in Flanders!

From Flanders, I journeyed to Milan. There at the same old table in The Gallery, I ate my evening meal in a bedlam of excited, joyous, triumphant noise: the shouts, and now and then the shots, of the Milanese Fascisti. "*Viva* Mussolini!" "*Viva* Mussolini!" And the Fascisti bands! From that moment, there was no doubt as to where I stood. I rushed back to my hotel, eagerly grasped my burning pen, and wrote three thousand words to prove that Mussolini was a greater man than Julius Cæsar—and a noisier!

I am not the first man to be swayed by music; and although purists who prate of regular and irregular sound waves may say that music is not noise, I insist that *bands are!* In Paris, after dispiriting months in the devastated sections of France and Belgium, I stood on the balcony of American Headquarters at the *Crillon*, while the armies of twenty-six victorious nations marched down the *Champs Elysées* from the *Arc de Triomphe* into the sunlit stretches of the *Place de la Concorde*. I can hear them coming now. The Tommies to *Tipperary*. The Canadians to *Keep the Home Fires Burning*. The French to *Madelon*. And the Americans—with two bands!—to *Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here*. I wept. I admit it.

Sometimes I think the little Italian fishing towns are the deadest and fairest and least American places in the world. But, this autumn, after I left Milan, I arrived on the Levantine Riviera just in time for the yearly feast of San Michele; and I found the tiny village of that name as busy as Madison Square Garden on a championship boxing night. San Michele, with its Fascisti band, was just that gay. But the melody, which echoed through its old world shacks and rolled back from the façade of its eleventh century church, was not Italian. It was not Verdi, Mascagni, or Puccini. It was John Philip Sousa! By noon of the following day, I had booked my passage for home.

I write these words in a New York hotel in the early morning. My head is about six inches from the heads of Mr. and Mrs. Jones of Tulsa, Oklahoma, my feet no further from those of Mr. and Mrs. Smith of South Bend, Indiana. Twelve feet above me lies a young lady of dubious morals; twelve feet below, Mr. A. of Kashmir, India. My window opens, in a manner of speaking, on a closed court, which is shared in the cosy modern fashion by a half a thousand sleeping families.

● These sleeping hordes will soon be turning on faucets, splashing water, perhaps singing in their tubs. Sixty percent of them will telephone to ask what time it is. Ninety percent will have trouble with their throats.

Yet, speaking as a man who came from a small town, I find life among these verticals and horizontals strangely soothing. I wake each morning to the music of trucks, taxis, elevateds, newsboys, traffic cops, street fakirs, drills, derricks, and riveters; but I escape the cock's crow, the hen's cackle, the horse's whinney, the pig's squeal, the cow's moo, the duck's quack and all the other funny noises which New Yorkers know only as vaudeville gags. I have tried all kinds. And I am about ready to say with O. Henry, that "little old Noisyville-on-the-Subway is good enough for me."

● If I were in a London hotel instead of a New York one, there would be fewer "Hello's" and more "Are you there's"—but snoring is international: and taxi-horns are very nearly so. The rumble of the London bus is almost as annoying as the clatter of the American elevated. Fleet Street is as bustling as Broadway; Piccadilly, at certain hours, as congested as Michigan Avenue. London nights, due chiefly to the fact that British taxi-drivers have less tooty temperaments, are not so noisy as New York or Paris nights, but they are not without their peculiar disturbances. From midnight on, lorries filled with flowers and vegetables rumble through the London streets on their way to Covent Garden market. And the London householder, inspired by these rural sights and sounds, thus combines in one sweet symphony the high notes of urban and suburban life.

The case against noise *is* a strong one. The sophisticated thing to do is to deplore it. But in our private ears, we love it. Isn't it true that Nero's fiddling is more famous than Rome's burning, and Demosthenes' talking with a stone in his mouth more lasting than the enemies he scourged? Cæsar is dead, but Marc Anthony's "Friends! Romans! Countrymen! Lend me your ears" is immortal. And there are few things in our glorious past more notable than the fact that our forefathers "fired the shot heard 'round the world." History, like geography, is just one loud thing after another.

It's a noisy world! But who would live in a dumb one? Why dwell on the screech owl instead of the thrush? Why italicise alarm clocks when there are wedding bells, and church bells, and sleigh bells? Why concentrate on klaxons when there are so many other sirens in the world? Drills may connote dentists and pain, but they also suggest petroleum and wealth. The zoom of the airplane is loud and terrifying, but its humming wings span the ocean and link the worlds. The radio loudspeaker assaults the ear-drums, but it sometimes makes one think of Beethoven.

put them all together—they spell

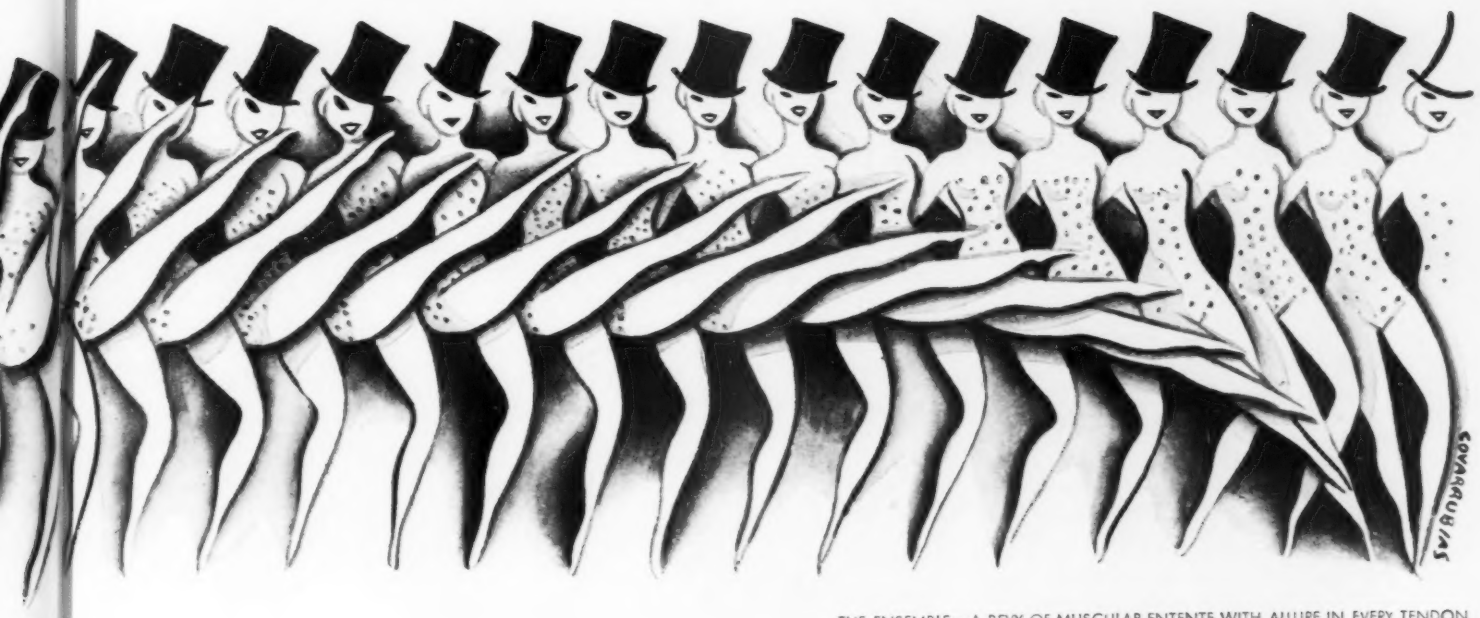
THE SPIRIT OF DOLCE FAR NIENTE

COMICAL FELLOW ABOUT TO PANIC HIS PUBLIC

SOUBRETTE—AND VERY SEDUCTIVE, TOO

a little love, a dash of passion, a soupçon of elfin wit, and lo, a new show is born, with the aid of covarrubias

musical comedy



THE ENSEMBLE—A BEVY OF MUSCULAR ENTENTE WITH ALLURE IN EVERY TENDON

A COUPLE OF LOVE-BIRDS BEING SEVERED

THE BOY NUMBER: "HERE COMES PRETTY PANSY!"

how to play office golf

BY COREY FORD

being a slight protest against the latest and most prevalent form of big-business efficiency

■ When Mr. Tinkers, of the large and efficient brokerage firm of Tinkers, Evers and Chance, Inc., desires to speak with me on the telephone, the following scene occurs:

First Mr. Tinkers tells his secretary to call Corey Ford. He then gets under his desk and pulls the waste-basket down over his head and hides. When he is well hidden, his secretary tells the local switchboard operator to call Corey Ford, and then hides herself, usually in some such place as the wash-room or a lunch-counter a couple of blocks away. The switchboard operator passes the word to Central, and then *she* hides, by putting on a false moustache and shading her eyes. And Central rings me; and from then on I am It, and the game is for me to hold the wire until I can discover (a) the switchboard operator, (b) Mr. Tinkers' secretary, (c) Mr. Tinkers, and (d) what Mr. Tinkers wants.

■ For example. My telephone rings, just as I have finished soaping myself comfortably in the shower. I rinse off the soap again hurriedly, mop myself dry as best I can, fling a dressing gown around me, trot into the next room and lift off the receiver. A pleasant female voice inquires if this is Larchmont 2393. I reply that it is.

"One moment, please."

I try to hold both mouthpiece and receiver in my left hand while I work a little soap out of the corner of my eye with the knuckle of my right, speculating idly on the nature of the call. Mentioned in Aunt Harriet's will? Invitation to a poker party? Proposal of marriage? Margin call?

"Is this Larchmont 2393?" asks a second female voice.

I reply that it is.

"Mr. Corey Ford?"

I reply that it is.

"May I speak to Mr. Corey Ford?"

"It is," I reply. "I am. You are."

"Mr. Tinkers calling," she confides.

"Who?" I ask; but she has faded into silence.

Mr. Tinkers. Tinkers. The water is running down my arm and dripping steadily off my elbow. I shiver a little and draw the dressing gown a little closer around me. Tinkers.

"May I speak to Mr. Corey Ford?" asks a third female voice.

"This is Corey Ford."

"Is this Mr. Corey Ford?"

I reply that it is.

"Mr. Tinkers calling," she says, and disappears.

"Who is Mr. Tinkers?" I shout vainly down the mouthpiece after her.

There is quite a little wait this time, and I start shivering again. My dressing gown has soaked through, and a small pool of water has accumulated around me on the floor. There is a cigarette on the mantel, but I don't dare put down the receiver in order to go over and get it.

■ "Is this Mr. Corey Ford?" asks the third voice again.

I reply that it is.

"I am very sorry," says the voice, "but Mr. Tinkers is talking on another wire."*

"What of it?"

"Mr. Tinkers wanted to speak with you," she explains with dignity.

"Then why is he talking to someone else?"

"I will call you back," replies the voice, and fades mysteriously into the silences, and I am left with the receiver in my hand and the beginning of a cold in my head. So I wander back into the shower and soap myself thoroughly again; and just as I have finshed soaping myself, the telephone—but why go into the gory details any further? If I ignore that telephone and let it ring, I worry all day. If I answer it, I repeat the whole process from Central to switchboard operator to Mr. Tinkers' secretary to (if I am lucky) Mr. Tinkers, only to learn that Mr. Tinkers is either anxious to sell me some insurance, ask me for a donation to the Institute for the Relief of Unmarried Mothers, or else is looking for another Mr. Ford.

This game is known, briefly, as Office Golf.

And maybe I'm wrong. Maybe it's fun. Maybe I just don't understand modern business methods, and I miss the efficient angle of the thing; but from where I stand, shivering in my dressing gown, the whole performance strikes me as an unmitigated nuisance, and every time that I hold the wire patiently for five or ten minutes until Mr. Tinkers' secretary can find Mr. Tinkers, I swear I shall never do so again. Maybe it's just because I haven't a secretary myself.

I will admit that I am not very long on modern efficiency. Mechanical devices, as a rule, leave me slightly bewildered. A pencil sharpener (one of *(Continued on page 92)*

*Or "Has just stepped out of the room for a moment" or "Is in conference" or, again, "Has changed his mind."

ALICE BRADY AS SOPHIE DE COURVOISIER

FRANK CONROY AS JÉRÔME DE COURVOISIER

OTTO KRUGER AS CLAUDE VALLÉE

"the game of love and death"

the three theatre guild players who appear in the principal rôles of romain rolland's drama

THESE MOUNTAINEERS

an author is drawn into a domestic drama of the blue ridge, and finds his rôle an embarrassing one

BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON

PAUL POIRET

• When I had lived in the Southwest Virginia mountains for some time, people of the North, when I went up there, used to ask me many questions about the mountain people. They did it whenever I went to the city. You know how people are. They like to have everything ticketed.

The rich are so and so, the poor are so and so, the politicians, the people of the western coast. As though you could draw one figure and say—"there it is. That's it."

The men and women of the mountains were what they were. They were people. They were poor whites. That certainly meant that they were white and poor. Also they were mountaineers.

After the factories began to go down into this country, into Virginia, Tennessee and North Carolina, a lot of them went, with their families, to work in the factories and to live in mill towns. For a time all was peace and quiet and then strikes broke out. Everyone who reads newspapers knows about that. There was a lot of writing in newspapers about these mountain people. Some of it was pretty keen.

But there had been a lot of romancing about them before that. That sort of thing never did any one much good.

So I was walking along in the mountains and had got down into what in the mountain country is called "a hollow." I was lost. I had been fishing for trout in mountain streams and was tired and hungry. There was a road of a sort I had got into. It would have been difficult to get a car over that road. "This ought to be good whiskey making country", I thought.

In the hollow along which the road went I came to a little town. Well now, you would hardly call it a town. There were six or eight little unpainted frame houses and, at a cross roads, a general store.

The mountains stretched away, above the poor little houses. On both sides of the road were the magnificent hills. You understand, when you have been down there, why they are called "the Blue Ridge." They are always blue, a glorious blue. What a country it must have been before the lumbermen came. Over near my place the mountain men were always talking of the spruce forests of former days. Many of them worked in the lumber camps. They speak of soft moss into which a man sank almost to the knees, the silence of the forest, the great trees.

• The great forest is gone now but the young trees are growing. Much of the country will grow nothing but timber.

The store before which I stood that day was closed, but an old man sat on a little porch in front. He said that the storekeeper also carried the mail and was out on his route but that he would be back and open his store in an hour or two.

I had thought I might at least get some cheese and crackers or a can of sardines.

The man on the porch was old. He was an evil looking old man. He had grey hair and a grey beard and might have been seventy but I could see that he was a tough-bodied old fellow.

I asked my way back over the mountain to the main road and had started to move off up the hollow when he called to me. "Are you the man who has moved in here from the north and has built a house in here?"

There is no use my trying to reproduce the mountain speech. I am not skilled at it.

The old man invited me to his house to eat. "You don't mind eating beans, do you?" he asked.

I was hungry and would be glad to have beans. I would have eaten anything at the moment. He said he hadn't any woman, that his old woman was dead. "Come on", he said, "I think I can fix you up."

We went up a path, over a half mountain and into another hollow, perhaps a mile away. It was amazing. The man was old. The skin on his face and neck was wrinkled like an old man's skin and his legs and body were thin, but he walked at such a pace that to follow him kept me panting.

It was a hot still day in the hills. Not a breath of air stirred. That old man was the only being I saw that day in that town. If any one else lived there he had kept out of sight.

The old man's house was on the bank of another mountain stream. That afternoon, after eating with him, I got some fine trout out of the stream.

But this isn't a fishing story. We went to his house.

It was dirty and small and seemed about to fall down. The old man was dirty. There were layers of dirt on his old hands and on his wrinkled neck. When we were in the house, which had but one room on the ground floor, he went to a small stove. "The fire is out", he said. "Do you care if the beans are cold?"

"No," I said. By this time I did not want any beans and wished I had not come. There was something evil about this old mountain

COLETTE

ROLF DE MARE

BONI DE CASTELLANE

RALPH BARTON

TOTI

man. Surely the romancers could not have made much out of him.

Unless they played on the Southern hospitality chord. He had invited me there. I had been hungry. The beans were all he had.

He put some of them on a plate and put them on a table before me. The table was a home-made one covered with a red oil cloth, now quite worn. There were large holes in it. Dirt and grease clung about the edges of the holes. He had wiped the plate, on which he had put the beans, on the sleeve of his coat.

But perhaps you have not eaten beans prepared in the mountains, in the mountain way. They are the staff of life down there. Without beans there would be no life in some of the hills. The beans are, when prepared by a mountain woman and served hot, often delicious. I do not know what they put in them or how they cook them but they are unlike any beans you will find anywhere else in the world.

As Smithfield ham, when it is real Smithfield ham, is unlike any other ham.

But beans cold, beans dirty, beans served on a plate wiped on the sleeve of that coat. . . .

● I sat looking about. There was a dirty bed in the room in which we sat and an open stairway, leading up to the room above.

Some one moved up there. Some one walked barefooted across the floor. There was silence for a time and then it happened again.

You must get the picture of a very hot still place between hills. It was June. The old man had become silent. He was watching me. Perhaps he wanted to see whether or not I was going to scorn his hospitality. I began eating the beans with a dirty spoon. I was many miles away from any place I had ever been before.

And then there was that sound again. I had got the impression that the old man had told me his wife was dead, that he lived alone.

How did I know it was a woman upstairs? I did know.

"Have you got a woman up there?" I asked. He grinned, a toothless malicious grin, as though to say, "O, you're curious, eh?"

And then he laughed, a queer cackle.

"She ain't mine", he said.

We sat in silence after that and then there was the sound again. I heard bare feet walking across a plank floor.

● Now they were descending the crude open stairs. Two legs appeared, two thin, young girl's legs.

She didn't look to be over twelve or thirteen.

She came down, almost to the foot of the stairs, and then stopped and sat down.

How dirty she was, how thin, what a wild look she had. I have never seen a wilder looking creature. Her eyes were bright. They were like the eyes of a wild animal.

And, at that, there was something about her face. In many of these young mountain faces there is a look it is difficult to explain —it is a look of breeding, of aristocracy. I know no other word for the look.

And she had it.

And now the two were sitting there, and I was trying to eat. Suppose I arose and threw the dirty beans out at the open door. I might have said, "Thanks. I have enough." I didn't dare.

But perhaps they weren't thinking of the beans. The old man began to speak of the girl, sitting ten feet from him, as though she were not there.

"She ain't mine", he said. "She came here. Her pop died. She ain't got any one."

I am making a bad job of trying to reproduce his speech.

He was giggling now, a toothless old man's giggle. "Ha, she won't eat."

"She's a hell cat", he said.

He reached over and touched me on the arm. "You know what. She's a hell cat. You couldn't satisfy her. She had to have her a man.

"And she got one too."

"Is she married?" I asked, half whispering the words, not wanting her to hear.

He laughed at the idea. "Ha. Married, eh?"

He said it was a *(Continued on page 94)*

DOLL PORTRAITS OF PEOPLE WHO DESERVE BETTER

the caricature creations in the "manière sauvage" of the russo-french artist, marie vassilieff

● One of the most affrighting and original sideshows in the circus of modern art is inhabited by the portrait dolls shown here, the work of the Russo-French Marie Vassilieff. Medieval Black Magic or barbaric totem-artists hardly produced such ghoulish fancies, nightmare distortions, microbe faces, sea-bottom monsters. Yet these are the identifiable corruptions of the pleasant and unalarming features of a half-dozen contemporary celebrities. Madame Vassilieff has been an actress, composer, librettist, puppeteer, caricaturist, sculptress, poet, painter and producer of mystical marionette plays. Portrait dolls are also her invention—these are made of cloth, stuffed with sawdust and handsomely lacquered. Vassilieff's memoirs are shortly to be published in Paris

portrait of a young girl

the first painting in oil by the twenty-one year old german woman artist, jack v. reppert-bismarck

● Jack von Reppert-Bismarck, the author of the portrait on this page, had already, at the age of twenty-one, become a successful illustrator for the German magazines when she began to experiment in oils. A young girl, coming to her for an autograph, was her first model. The result, *Portrait of a Young Girl*, was so applauded in Berlin for its sleek and confident decisiveness, that Frau von Reppert-Bismarck decided to devote her entire time to oil paintings. Work by her hand has already appeared in the pages of *Vanity Fair*, and before her latest venture, she had completed an album of lithographs entitled *Girls*. The artist's father was a distinguished administrator under the old régime, and her husband—also a painter—is a member of the old Brandenburg family von Bismarck. Jack von Reppert-Bismarck studied at the Academy of Arts in Berlin

the shadow and the bone

BY THOMAS BURKE

a latter-day dante finds his beatrice and commits one gesture of devotion with—the usual?—climax

● Another fable of that Samuel Smiles of my youth, Ho Ling, whose mixed-grill of English and Chinese I freely paraphrase.

. . . . . and this young man (said Ho Ling) knew nothing of green hills or orchards or harvest-fields. He was a slave, and he could see but one of two things—either the chains of his slavery, or a world of legend and imagination where slavery was not. He could see the bald buildings of the world of commerce, and an office and a desk, and the pavements that led him to the desk; and he could see that other world. But he could see nothing between them—nothing of the changing sky or of the sublime mystery of the life that streamed about his daily day. He was a slave.

● He lived in Poplar, and twice each day, upon six days of the week, he walked the Commercial Road to reach his work at Aldgate, and to return from his work to his lodging in Poplar. He knew the pattern of the whole of this two miles of pavement. The cracks in its stones, and the hollows in the wood-blocks of the road, were as familiar to him as the lines of the loathsome book in which he daily wrote columns of figures; as familiar to him as the hills and the stars to the shepherd. But beyond these lines his eyes jumped the immediate splendours about him into a world that lay a million leagues beyond the ocean at the edge of this planet. For that world nowhere touched his world of chains, and only in that world, he felt, could one be happy. (Slaves always feel like that.) In it lived people gracious of soul and body, neither slaves nor the masters of slaves. It was a world where the sea was kind, and the breezes opulent with spice, and life vibrant with hours that were each a garden of white-winged thoughts. A world, I need not tell you, that does not exist until you are dead. And perhaps not then.

But one morning he lifted his eyes from the stones that led to the wood of his desk, and his heart said "Oh!" It was a winter morning, and London was slowly revealing its features in the light of a wan sun, and its streets—even the streets of commerce—were thrilling with impetuous morning life. Great regiments poured through the gorges and the defiles. Doors of offices swallowed them, and as they disappeared reinforcements came from nowhere, and they too were swallowed. Motion, the essence of life, was flowing through the veins of the city until it came into a life as fully charged with grace and glory as any heaven our young man had imagined.

He said "Oh!" because, in lifting his eyes from the stones, he was vouchsafed a vision, and the vision told him that beauty does not dwell only in heaven. Beauty smiled upon him from an advertisement hoarding; a beauty that made all slaves free, and healed their wounds, and blessed them with understanding. It was not the beauty of green hills, or of seacoast, or of pastures. It was the beauty of a human creature that held all this other beauty distilled in its own human beauty.

The intention of the picture was to proclaim the merits of a certain cigarette, though in what way the face of a beautiful young girl leads men to desire to smoke exceptionally good cigarettes, no man outside an advertising office can say. Certainly in this case the picture failed in its intended effect. Not only did the young man fail to buy cigarettes; he had not thought of cigarettes, and did not even notice the name of the exceptional cigarette. (Another example of the elephant of business defeating itself by emulating the subtlety of the artist.) But he did notice the picture, and he noticed it with his whole being, so that he stood dumb before the flower whose perfume had pervaded all his dreams. Here was beauty, not of the unattainable world, but of this world. For the poster was not made from a drawing or a painting: it was no work of a questing imagination like his own; it was made from a photograph. By this the young man knew that somewhere in the world that girl was living, and this knowledge made the world suddenly desirable, and made Fenchurch Street as cool and green as any avenue of the countries behind the moon.

● For the rest of that day, after two minutes' adoration of the picture, his mind was a conflict of extreme misery and extreme rapture —for so does all true beauty affect us. The strain and decay of his daily world were at once intensified and eased: he felt their horror more sharply because of that picture, and yet, because of it, he was solaced and strengthened to face them. He carried it away in his eye, and he saw it on the walls of the office where he hung his coat, and he saw it on his desk, and on the pages of his ledger; and from whatever angle he saw it the eyes smiled tenderly upon him.

He spent half of his lunch-hour in walking up and down before the picture, and the afternoon—a waste space to be trudged through before he could again drink at the cooling spring—he spent in imagining the girl in her marvellous home; imagining her at her marvellous tea; imagining her marvellous bedroom; imagining the foolish people about her who were blind to the miracle of her; imagining her in different dresses. He even tortured himself by imagining confident clods making love to her.

I need not descant upon the ensuing state of this young man. His life was given to a picture: every breath, every thought, every movement centred on it. If the cigarette company had not increased their sales they had at least achieved something. They had brought a young man out of the blasphemy of dreams into the blessed state of perceiving the beauty of this present paradise.

He began to spend his evenings walking around those streets of London where posters were displayed. He developed a friendly feeling for those streets where this picture was displayed, and a distaste for those where it was not. One day he found it in the advertisement pages of a newspaper, and he clipped it. And he found it in another newspaper, and he clipped it. And he found it in a weekly journal, and he clipped it. And one of these clippings he pinned over his bed, and one he pinned over his mirror, and the third he pinned over his fire-place.

● Sad and foolish and glorious was the state of that young man. He did not know how happy he was. He thought he was miserable. Thinking thus, he sought for the cause of his misery, and found that it came from a desire to stand face to face with this beauty. Wondering how he could appease that desire, he came to a matter-of-fact solution which seemed to his disordered mind to be an inspiration. If that picture was a photograph, the cigarette company must have bought it from a photographer. If they bought it from a photographer, the photographer must at some time have been in contact with the original. Therefore, he had only to find the photographer, and. . . . Then, he would throw up his job, and work his way around the world until he tracked this supernal beauty. And when he had found her, he would go to her and say: "Lady, you are beautiful. I worship you!" and then retire for ever into his galley, his gesture made, his destiny fulfilled; himself a tragic figure among the world's tragic figures.

So he bought some good note-paper, and wrote to the cigarette company, stating that he had observed with interest the picture by which they were then advertising their goods —which was fact—and proceeding with the fiction that the photograph was so good that he desired to have some pictures of his wife made by the same photographer. Could they supply him with the name of the photographer?

The cigarette company, with that courtesy which distinguishes those who have anything to sell, expressed their regret that they were not in a position to supply the name of the photographer of the picture in question: they had purchased it from the well-known advertising agency, Slogan and Associates, whose address was such-and-such. They had no doubt that Slogan and Associates would be happy to supply him with the name of the photographer, and They Were, His Faithfully.

So, on the same good note-paper, he wrote to Slogan and As- *(Continued on page 84)*

unbuttoned americans—and others

by roger du béarn

an investigation into the debonair philosophy which lures good americans to the affable shores of france

■ The wines of France flow sweetly down the parched American throat; but it is not the alcoholic content—on whichever syllable you accent the word—that I hold chiefly responsible for the passionate attachment to France found in so large and, unfortunately, so mixed a group of American citizens. It is not, either, the fact that they can grow beards over there without having them pointed at or pulled; for such a reason would leave out of account a number of American women; nor is it, again, the attractive welcome that awaits the American tourist, for, if he occasionally finds it, he more often finds it missing.

Why does he go then? Why do boatloads of his kind, every summer, leave the happy Mid-West home, the bucolic Eastern Campus, the restful downtown office, to spend three months full of petty annoyances in distrustful contact with that tradesman population whose hungry eye never swerves from the tourist's pocketbook? Don't tell me it is the architecture!

Why, again, do others, with their return ticket safely sewn into the lining of their left boot, fail to return? Why, rather than share the comforts of a steam-heated, bath-ridden apartment, do they prefer to live in a small, dingy hotel on the left bank, where the *comfort moderne* exists only *outside* the building, on the marble plaque above the front door? Surely, it is not on account of Emily Post's knife and fork crusade: my Lord Chesterfield's belief that no one is polished till he has lived in France is a thing of the past. In the first place, no American *desires* to be polished: he either is, thinks he is, or does not think at all about it. In the second place, it is notorious that nowadays one is allowed more license with the knife and fork in France than anywhere else. You may engineer a piece of absorbent bread into your gravy or cut up a rebellious salad without "the others" nudging each other and exchanging glances to the effect that you do not use Lifebuoy soap and probably can't play contract bridge, anyway. No, etiquette is the most democratic of cultures, and if Emily Post seems to go in any direction, it is against, rather than with, the current of American immigration into France.

■ But what impels that current? Could it be a yearning for *intellectual* culture? If so, it is not a desire but a whim, to which an ocean journey is fatal. For the Americans one sees in France seem a specially selected group from which culture of every kind has been largely and carefully—er—deleted.

In fact, these visible American Frenchmen spend their time assiduously doing nothing. What they absorb all day long is not, I am sure, culture. Perhaps Father, back home in America, is patiently toiling behind a grocery counter or before a bootblack stand, but Son and Daughter's patient toil in Paris is before a *Pernod* or behind a tray of *hors-d'œuvres*.

■ Usually, Son and Daughter are at odds with the family—and here perhaps we are arriving at one of the motives, from the American side, of this hearty exodus from the parent roof. The family, you understand, does *not* understand. It has never been to Europe, it has never enjoyed leisure, though it may have had it; it has never lived—at least not that way. The family motto may be "God Bless Our Home"; it certainly is not *je m'en fous*. And *je m'en fous*, which is not so much an "I don't care" as a blunt "What the hell," seems to have the more powerful appeal.

And here we arrive at the other half of the motives, from the French side. *Je m'en fous* has the more powerful appeal, because it is more direct. It embodies that most sublime of duties, as my Montparnasse friends will tell you, duty to oneself. It is Puritanism as practiced by Mr. Lucifer.

It is a well-known fact that the human body protests against any strenuous exertion. Surely it would be wrong not to heed these protests. It is known also that the mind rebels against difficulties and positively boils over worries. Plainly, the wise course is to disregard problems and forget worries. But as one must do something to keep from being bored, a far-seeing society has instituted food, drink, and companionship as pleasant and time-consuming occupations. Such, for the effete descendants of Daniel Boone, is the expanded meaning of *je m'en fous*.

That it has long had full standing as a philosophy of existence in France is attested by the dignity of an "-ism," *je m'en foutisme*, no less, which is recorded in the hearts of my countrymen, if not in the dictionary of their Academy. But it is a very complex and very difficult philosophy to live up to, in spite of its obvious charms.

The self-escaping American overdoes it—or rather doesn't do it at all. He innocently supposes that by wearing the corduroy pants of the *Belle Jardinière*, spending every night at the *Dôme*, and every day at the *Deux Magots*, and perhaps, once, as a sign of full initiation, running to the corner post-box in his bedroom slippers, he is a convinced *je m'en foutiste*. He may be convinced, but, I am afraid, no one else is.

The difficulty, you see, is that he is not doing it for himself; he is putting on a show. He is not acting that way because he feels like it. Having been brought up in Gratz, Pennsylvania, or East Gloucester, Massachusetts, he does not feel a damn bit like it. He really wants to wear a collar, preferably clean; tweeds and not corduroys; shoes and not slippers. At the same time, he does not want to assume the consequences of wearing a white collar.

But as a show implies an audience, the object of this self-imposed masquerade is that his friends shall see it. If, coming from "the States" they chance to, and in the course of human events report it to the family, then those patient months of torture will not have been in vain. In sending the next check, Mother will also *(Continued on page 82)*

walter winchell

■ The City of New York, impersonal and anonymous, has created its own antidote in Mr. Walter Winchell, the official town crier, the most omniscient and inexorable gossip of modern times. In his daily column in a New York tabloid newspaper and his nationally syndicated articles, he exercises a tremendous power for mischief with impassive diablerie: "the so-and-sos have phfft!" or are "anticipating an Act of God" or are "having it unsealed"; "this one is that way about that one"; anyone's innocent secret may at any moment find itself howling over the land; everyman's house has a glass wall for this indefatigable reporter. Naturally everyman reads him, and the intelligentsia, being the most malicious of all classes, read him most merrily—and most anxiously. Mr. Winchell has become a national phenomenon, a hear-all, see-all, tell-all with a vast volunteer spy system. His wise and terrible eye is everywhere

STEICHEN

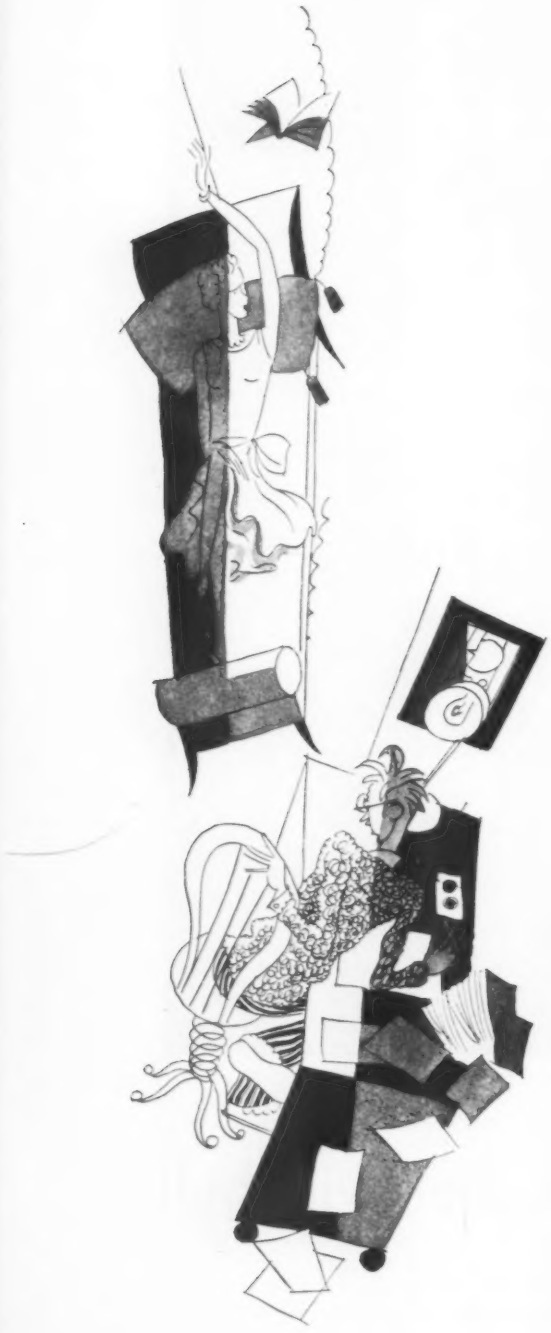
walter winchell

the best-informed man in america on everybody's else business, the toast of the curious and the naive

because he loved her

BY HENRI DUVERNOIS

a wife is consoled to find in her slightly dull marriage its one small, saving disgrace



■ After six months of sublime happiness, Cyprien Boizillon said, one day, to his bride;

"Darling, now that our perfect honeymoon is over, I shall simply have to go back to work." His expression was grave and exalted, and his voice held a new, solemn note; Julie looked at him in surprise.

"But, of course, my love," she exclaimed. "I didn't mean to be greedy about keeping you all to myself . . . and I am sure that we shall get on very well, your mathematics and I!"

"Well, I dread it a little, I must confess. We'll have no more lovely, long mornings together, for when I'm working I must get up at seven and stay in my study until noon, then again from two o'clock until eight—and from ten until midnight on the evenings when we don't go out!"

Madame Boizillon acquiesced gently in this new and rather rigorous order of things. She told her husband that she asked only to have a little corner of her own in his study, where she would install her *chaise-longue* and be quite contented reading, and smoking Russian cigarettes. Perhaps he would come and kiss her from time to time—wouldn't he? And, of course, she wouldn't be there too much of the time . . . occasionally she would go out to tea, at a friend's house or at her mother's. Perhaps she would take up the piano again, or her water-colours. . . . Anyway, it would all be very pleasant, and he needn't worry about her; she would be quite happy.

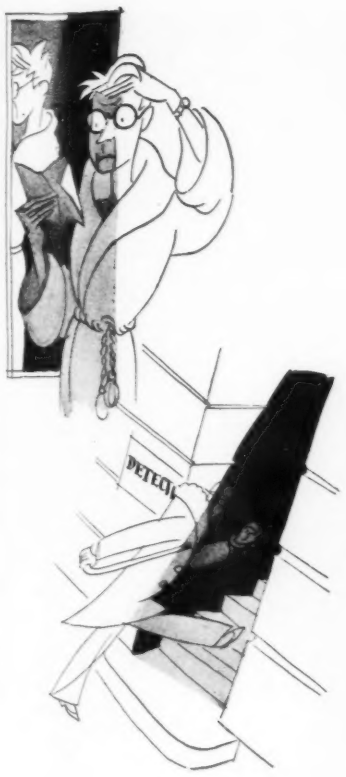
But when she was alone, she reflected a little plaintively (for she was a romantic woman, and liked to think in metaphors) that their life together had been so far, like a path through a delightful garden where each successive row of flowers stood for some delicate memory of romance. They had become betrothed in the perfume of lilacs and roses—married in an intense fragrance of orange-blossoms—and their wedding trip was a memory delicately scented with eucalyptus and mimosa. Now she had reached a turn in the path, and a mist had fallen over the rest of the garden. What lay beyond, she did not know; but she suspected that its perfume might be a little less heady.

Cyprien set himself doggedly to work; and Julie, stretched on the *chaise longue* and absently fingering the pages of a novel, contemplated her husband through a frenzied cloud of mathematics. It was not a pretty sight. Clad in a dressing gown distinguished for its warmth rather than for its elegance and a pair of old grey trousers, his feet shuffling in shabby grey slippers, his collar open, hair on end, brow furrowed and lips pursed in thought, he looked like a rather dirty but studious schoolboy painfully absorbed in his lessons.

■ "You *are* amusing, my treasure," she murmured once, watching him. He did not answer; he had paused in his writing, apparently lost in a problem, his eyes glassy and transfixed. Then, inspired anew, he resumed his feverish scribbling. Julie smiled tenderly, and said in a voice warm with congratulation;

"Now you've got it! My poor dear . . . you toil away as hard as though I'd brought you no *dot* at all."

When this sympathetic overture met with no response, she went on; "You've been working now for half an hour, and you look quite as though you might have a rush of blood to the head. I don't want you to get sick, you know! Aren't you hungry? . . . Thirsty?



Would you like me to order oysters for dinner, darling? Oh, by the way, *what* do you think I found out to-day? Florence, the cook, has been putting rouge on her lips! So she can taste the soup better, I suppose. . . . I really don't know what the world is coming to. Am I disturbing you? I'm not, am I? Do you love me, darling? Kiss me. . . ."

He got up and gave her an absent-minded kiss, flavoured with a vague, scholarly odour of ink and old books. Lilac, orange-blossoms, mimosa and ink, she reflected . . . a conjugal tragedy in four odours. Well . . . sighing, she lay back on the couch again, yawned and threw her book violently to the floor. It made Cyprien jump, but she ignored him, brooding with a hostile eye, an eye already glittering slightly with rancour, upon this mighty work of his in which she could have no part.

After that, she refrained elaborately from adorning her husband's study by her presence. It was not thus that she had expected to play the rôle of Muse; rather, she had imagined a charming tableau composed of scraps of romantic impressions stored in her mind. It would be like a scene from *La nuit d'octobre*, which she had seen at a charity performance . . . the man dressed in pensive black, fingers thrust dramatically through his dark, flowing locks; the woman lovely in white, a protective, encouraging hand resting lightly upon his shoulder. The reality was too bitterly different from this delightful picture.

Disillusioned, she sought diversion by going out every afternoon, to tea, to a matinée, to the *couturier's*. She even took fencing lessons in a gymnasium and lessons in dancing from Madame Malorque, a mad, ancient creature addicted to high kicking, spiritualism and rum in her tea. She came home late—silent and in a bad humour more often than not. And Cyprien began to wonder a little.

One morning the maid brought him an envelope alarmingly striped in red, yellow and green, and addressed to him in a sprawling hand. He tore it open, and read;

> "Monsieur; I shall not sign my name, but you will know me some day. While you spend your time scribbling, your wife is not twiddling her thumbs. You are blind to a great deal, and I, as an honest person, pity you . . . unfortunate fool that you are."

Cyprien at once suspected that this letter was from the cook whom Julie had dismissed for rouging her lips. But he was a little uneasy, nevertheless, and resolved to question his wife.

When she came in, at six o'clock, he asked her casually; "What did you do to-day? Where have you been?"

She laughed, and put her arms around him. So he wanted information, did he! But why? Such trifles wouldn't interest a man like himself, a great mathematician. Oh, well . . . there had been a spiritualistic séance at Madame Malorque's—in the dark. But it had not been a great success, because all the ladies who were present had laughed too much. They were women of a certain kind, of course, the kind that came there only to carry on flirtations with the gentlemen spiritualists. After the séance . . . .

But then Julie fell silent. "Never mind about afterward," she concluded abruptly. And she went and stood in the window, tapping irritably upon the pane.

"Are you bored here, with me?" asked her husband humbly.

She shrugged. "Well—it's not wildly exciting, you must admit!"

■ Her back was still toward him, but her shoulders drooped, her voice broke pathetically, and he thought that he heard a stifled sob. His distress drove him to a sort of angry pleading. What would their life be, he demanded, if she went on lavishing all her gaiety, all her animation upon people outside of her home? He worked hard, and when his work was done, he liked to have a smiling face about him. He went on talking about himself. . . . She remained silent, indifferent.

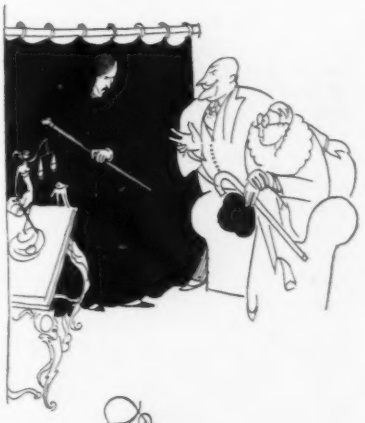
From that time he attributed every word that she spoke, every move that she made to this discontent that so grievously racked her; he became the victim of a miserable, exacting jealousy, a spying sort of jealousy, dark and shameful. If she seemed quiet he suspected her of sadness; if she brightened a little, he saw hysteria in her animation.

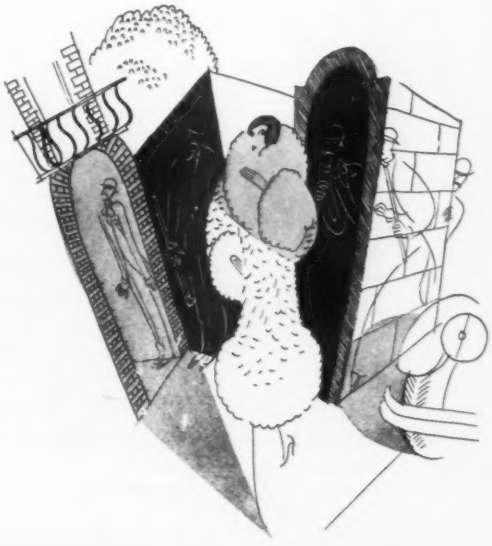
■ At length, to put an end to these doubts that tortured him, he applied to a detective agency. There he talked with one of the staff of detectives—a man who, the manager assured him, was experienced, tactful and discreet. Cyprien thought him rather furtive-looking, for he retained, even in his office, the professional manner of moving about the room by feeling along its walls . . . he could not even open a door without first creeping up on it. He had a melancholy mustache, and an unhealthy pallor; but he allowed himself a single, wistful note of gaiety in a pair of yellow gloves and a cane topped by a gilded monkey's head. His name was *M.* Alfred.

He listened attentively to Boizillon's story, responding occasionally in a doleful voice, with phrases whose pretensions to grandeur were slightly marred by a startling ignorance of grammar. When he had heard the case, he declared gravely that he was willing to undertake it.

"The best thing about him," the manager pointed out enthusiastically, "is that he has an air about him; he can mingle anywhere. Just as much at home, he is, in the *faubourg St. Germain* as at

(*Continued on page 74*)





DRAWINGS BY LIBISVEWSKI

ladies-or-tigers of the drama

by percy hammond

showing that all audiences are peeping toms, devoid of faith, hope or curiosity in the fate of the players

■ Cayley Drummle, the old philosopher in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, used to say that the only dramas worth while were those in which the favorite characters were "happy and comfortable at the finish." Though uttered by a sage, notable at the time for his common sense, that dictum was as foolish then as it is now, a minor example of the loose talk always falling from the lips of people of the Theatre. It voiced a pious superstition of the Stage, and while producers often disregarded it they did so with a trepidation similar to that with which they walked under a ladder. Despite the success of *Romeo and Juliet*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *Œdipus Rex* the showmen were fearful of entertainments whose pet rôles were not "happy and comfortable at the finish."

■ Nowadays the dramatists, the producers and the audiences alike are indifferent to the destination of their characters. They care not what, if anything, becomes of them at and after eleven p. m., when the final curtain has shut them up in their little run-arounds. The persons of the plays are but "poor pensioners on the bounties of an hour" whose existence interests us only for a trice. No matter how grave the predicaments at the terminals we turn our backs on them and decline to be worried. I have never heard a drama-lover express a curiosity regarding what might happen to a hero or heroine after the play is done.

Among the most contented of this season's audiences are those who have attended, let us say, *June Moon*, *It's a Wise Child*, *Strictly Dishonorable*, *Berkeley Square* and *Rope's End*. All of these pleasures stop upon an ominous note, prophetic of disaster in the unwritten fourth acts. In *Strictly Dishonorable*, for instance, a pathetic little Dixie gal (if Mr. Mencken will permit me to borrow his word), ennuied with hoe-cake and the fragrance of magnolias, ventures northwards in quest of the Bluebird. Having alighted on New Jersey's bleak littoral she makes her way to the interior and there betroths herself to a grouchy go-getter, resident in one of the Oranges. But ere she is married she meets and is dazzled by Tito, a sleek and sexly Italian hero, a favourite of the ladies and the Metropolitan Opera House. We leave them just before midnight, altar bound in what used to be known as a Happy Ending.

If playgoers were sensitive to the woes of others they would not sit, dry-eyed as they do, at such a tragic prospect. Miss Muriel Kirkland as the lovely waif from Mammyland has endeared herself to them by the innocence of her passion and the candid haste with which she puts her pyjamas on in the undressing scene. A nice, helpless child of the semi-tropics, she should arouse compassion rather than unconcern in their breasts as she is about to become the bride of a pretty vocalist from La Scala. I can see her now, after the curtain has dropped, sobbing miserably in the straw of her Park Avenue pallet, while her strictly dishonorable husband is being faithless to her in the fashion of the darker canaries.

"Plays are but incidental foothills approaching the mountains of event," and even so conclusive a comedy as *June Moon* takes us but a short and careless journey in the lives of its characters. I am sure that the hick troubadour from Schenectady and the sly little ingénue who is blissfully in his arms as the story quits, are uncongenial by this time. He is probably a pompous composer of theme songs, impossible to live with, and she is still flirting with strange gentlemen in Pullman cars and the Albany night-boats. Though they have amused us by their slender romance we are chill as to their future, and we take a sadistic joy in giving them the air.

■ The last scenes of Miss Jane Cowl's *Jenny* and Mr. Belasco's *It's a Wise Child* are full of similarly neglected forebodings. In *Jenny's* gay dénouement a beautiful young actress elopes with a staid and graying member of the New York bar whose hottest passion hitherto has been the collecting of foreign postage stamps. She is brilliant, vivacious and talented; he is a sentimental mastiff, all paws and affection, and stupidly loyal to his selfish wife and family. There isn't a chance for their union to be heavenly. Yet we let them go out of our lives without a thought about their future. We are frigid also to the fate of the honest chap in *It's a Wise Child* who is in love with a lady addicted to falsehood. She is such a liar that she tells the world she is about to have a baby, though she is as chaste, physically, as the icicles on a Presbyterian church. How unhappy this likable chap must be ere now, as she double-crosses him with fibs both pleasant and unpleasant. Perhaps it is all for the best that the dramatists do not go too deeply into eternity.

Rope's End, which resembles the Loeb-Leopold murder case, sends us home with a picture of the two hyena college boys on the threshold of the gallows. Jaunty necrophiles, they have slain a fellow-undergraduate for the sheer fun of it, and have secreted his corpse in a chest in their living-room. From this improvised coffin they serve supper to a party among the guests of which is their victim's aged father. Thus they augment the homicidal thrill. Caught at their ghoulish prank by an effeminate poet they are in a bad way as we tell the door-man to summon us a taxicab. Will they be hung or will Clarence Darrow dash up in the nick o' time and snatch them from the scaffold? Not that it matters, for we have had three hours of them which is quite enough. Mr. Don Skene, an author who specializes in football and other violent phases of university life, tells me that if *Rope's End* had another act it would be proved that the murder was naught but a campus frolic, initiating a freshman into a fraternity.

Do you, drama-lover, ever covet the lot of a character upon the Stage? As you inspect the people in the plays are you envious of their exciting careers either as prince or peasant, hero or jackanapes? Sometimes, no doubt, you feel the urge to be an actor—to be conspicuous, to show off in public, or as George Moore has put it more gently "to be in evidence." But would you exchange yourself for any of the glamorous creations that pose and promenade before you in the theatres? You may suspect that you would enjoy being the junior Rockefeller, John Gilbert, the captain of a liner, the Prince of Wales, Miss Evelyn Laye, or Mayor Walker of New York. The lives of Miss Ishbel MacDonald, Bobby Jones, the golfer, Curtis, the vice president, Graham MacNamee, Ether's amanuensis, Al Jolson, the song-wrangler, Mussolini and Miss Mary Garden may appeal to you as ideal. However I daresay you are glad that you are not a rôle in any drama from Euripides to O'Neill.

For they are all Fortune's fools, the ratio of whose joys and miseries is as bread to sack in Falstaff's tavern bill. You admire Captain Stanton in *Journey's End* for his prowess as a drunkard and a warrior. You approve of Mr. Leslie Howard's Peter Standish in *Berkeley Square* for his agility *(Continued on page 76)*

the crane—lithograph

a new york subject by louis lozowick, the 35-year-old russo-american painter and lithographer

LOUIS LOZOWICK

THE DOWNTOWN GALLERY

petrolini, an acting genius

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

reflections on theatrical themes, particularly actor-proof plays and one play-proof actor in particular

SIGNOR PETROLINI

■ The place is Rome; the time, an hour after sunset; the problem, what to do? The really conscientious tourist will have, of course, no doubts. Remembering Chateaubriand and Mme. de Staël, remembering Lord Byron and Shelley and Nathaniel Hawthorne and all the other romantic sight-seers, whose literary ghosts still faintly "squeak and gibber in the Roman streets," he will leave the hotel as soon as dinner is over and walk reverently past the Forum to where, beneath the moon and above the arc-lamps, the Colosseum stands, smooth and curving, like some enormous sea shell, left high and dry by the receding tide. There, in the shadow of the toppling walls, he will meditate, he will muse, he will think all those high-class and melancholy thoughts which tradition decrees that one shall think amid the wreckage of Ancient Rome.

This, I repeat, is what the conscientious tourist will do. But I am not a conscientious tourist. When night comes on in Rome, I do not go to see the Colosseum by moonlight. I go to see Petrolini by lime-light. With all due respect to the conscientiously romantic sight-seers, I consider my evening better spent than theirs.

Yes, better spent. For Petrolini is alive, a consummate actor and a man of genius.

Petrolini can give me something new, something that is not myself, something I could not have invented or even imagined the existence of. For Petrolini, as I have said, is a man of genius—one of the great comedians of our time—and the essence of a man of genius consists precisely in the fact that he does things which are unforeseeable and finally inimitable. His activity is *sui generis* and can be fitted into none of the ordinary categories.

An ordinary piece of acting—or, for that matter, any work of art not of the first rank—brings me hardly more than an empty ruin, like the Colosseum, could bring. For the ordinary actor, the merely adequate artist, tells me nothing I did not know already. True, it is not I who fill him with life, as I must fill the moonlit amphitheatre. But the life that is in him is of a kind with which I am perfectly familiar. He can do nothing which I myself could not do or, at any rate, think of doing. The second-rate actor is not an empty shell; he possesses an autonomous personality. But it is the sort of personality which the intelligent spectator already knows; observation and introspection have made him familiar with it. A work of art is simply the fossil imprint of a personality. (In the case of the actor, the imprint is not fossilized in a non-personal medium; it is made directly by the artist on his audience.) A work of genius is the imprint of a personality so extraordinary that nobody but the maker could conceivably have left the mark or thought of its form. A work of the second rank is one which many people might have produced in substantially the same form; the imprint of any second-rate personality has a strong family likeness to the imprints of other contemporary second-rate personalities. For the intelligent spectator there is nothing fundamentally new in a second-rate performance. (There may, of course, be superficial novelty, just as there is novelty in the morning's paper; but the newness of news is of a different order from the radical and fundamental newness, even after centuries, of a Mozart, a Chaucer, a Giotto.) The second-rater gives him nothing of which he does not already know the substance, nothing of which, in the appropriate circumstances, he might not have thought himself.

■ Whenever I go to see Petrolini, which I try to do, religiously, whenever I am in Italy, I see something entirely new, entirely not myself, entirely beyond my powers of invention. His performance enriches me with such wealth as only an extraordinary work of art can give. He even reconciles me, temporarily, to the theatre, renewing in me an old passion which the abhorred practice of dramatic criticism has all but completely eradicated. "If only every evening's entertainment could be like this!" I said to myself, after my most recent visit, some few nights since, to Petrolini's shrine.

Parenthetically, but relevantly, the memories of other theatrical entertainments intruded themselves at this point. I recalled performances of Shakespeare, inept as only performances of Shakespeare can be inept. And yet, so long as the actors remembered their lines and uttered them audibly, I had enjoyed these performances. I remembered Tchekov's *Three Sisters*, given by a semi-amateur and wholly incompetent company, staged by an affected imbecile, produced with extreme stupidity. A hopeless performance. And yet I had enjoyed it. The actors knew their words and the words were unmistakably Tchekov's. In these cases and in only too many others like them, the play had given me pleasure in spite of the actors, the scene painters, the producers. It would obviously have given me much more pleasure if these had been competent; but it had, in any case, been able to triumph over their incompetence.

■ From these two sets of memories—my memories of Petrolini on the one hand, of touring-company *Hamlets* and play-society *Sea Gulls* and *Wild Ducks* on the other—I drew the following conclusions. First, that really good plays are almost completely actor-proof, producer-proof and designer-proof. Secondly, that really good actors are almost completely play-proof; also proof against bad acting by their fellows and bad stage management. And, thirdly, that good producing and good scene painting are not proof against bad plays and bad acting, or even against moderately good plays and competent acting unrelieved by any admixture of genius.

These conclusions are certainly true so far as I personally am concerned. When I go to the theatre I go to be enriched by contact with some extraordinary and (by me) uninventable, unforeseeable personality. This contact is either with the fossil imprint of the personality in a play, or immediately with the living man or woman performing before my eyes. It is only when I make such contacts—contacts with the fundamentally new, the other than myself—that I feel that it has been worth while to go to the theatre (though of course, like everyone else, I can take a passing interest in the superficially new and exciting in art, just as I can take an interest in the morning's politics and murders). If the fossil imprint of a personality in a play is extraordinary, I can ignore the ineptitudes of the actors. Or if one actor is a genius, I am ready to put up with the second-rateness of the others. In no circumstances *(Continued on page 88)*

STEICHEN

rosita and ramón

the two dancers tango at the casanova club to the rhythms of an orchestra imported from argentina

a handbook of practical

femme nue, lithograph by andré derain

• These charming and facile studies, projected by their vitality out of their medium, represent the latest work of the French master, André Derain. Among living French painters, Derain ranks with the five other pre-eminent masters: Matisse, Picasso, Segonzac, Braque and Bonnard. His media include lithographs, paintings, watercolours, pastels and, rarely, etchings, and he has done decorations for the Russian ballet. Now in his fiftieth year, he still lives and works in the city where he passed his apprenticeship, in Paris. The two works reproduced here are lithographs on stone. Twenty-five prints were made of each

BY HAROLD NICOLSON

suggestions for languid livers on how to be polite without undue expenditure of one's ego, time or energy

• I once knew a man who was so polite that he walked into the Grand Canal. He was dressed at the time in a pearl grey suit and wore a grey Homburg hat with a wide black band. It was the hat which first drew attention to the fact that he was submerged. The hat was noticed to be floating rapidly in the direction of the dogana: it was then that my friend was observed clambering up the slippery green steps which lead on to the Piazzetta. He was very wet indeed, and his hair was even sleeker than usual, tinged with green slime. He explained to his rescuers that he had just been polite. He had noticed a gentleman of his acquaintance landing with a lady of his acquaintance from a gondola. There were weighty reasons why these two people should not be seen, or at least recognised, in each other's company. My friend, therefore, had averted his gaze. So completely did he avert his gaze that instead of walking in the direction of the Doge's Library he walked over the edge. And his hat, as I have said, floated away from him in the direction of the Customs House. That is what comes of being excessively polite.

There is a middle course which one should steer, a course which does not necessarily land one in the Grand Canal. But unless one is very young this course is difficult to discover and maintain. To the young, politeness takes the form of "good manners" and is merely the avoidance of being rude. That, in its way, is easy enough. One must not sit down when elders enter the room, and one must not giggle overmuch or whisper in front of strangers, however diverting these strangers may be. One stands up: one opens doors: one hands cigarettes: the whole system is prescribed for one and offers no distressing alternatives. The people to whom, when one is young, such politeness is proffered do not take advantage of it to press their intimacy. The difficulty begins only when one is of the same age as the people to whom one endeavours to be polite. It is then that one has to be careful to steer between civility and friendliness. Benevolence is not enough: it is in fact too much: the benevolent are continuously falling victims to undesired acquaintance: they become the food of bores.

The first rule to be observed if one decides to be polite is to avoid all forms of precision. The smile in which one's face is wreathed must from first to last be a vague smile. Once

politeness

TETE DE FEMME, A CHARMING STUDY BY ANDRE DERAIN

it becomes a precise smile, then people imagine that you are pleased to see them. They will ask you to luncheon. If on the other hand your smile remains fixed, permanent and impersonal, then these would-be hosts realise that you have already had several invitations to luncheon and that it would be mere waste of time to ask you again. A universal, even though it be a vacant, smile is the best of alibis. If once you emerge from this covering you are lost.

The second rule is to abandon all ambition to be thought agreeable. Leave that to others. Being agreeable entails treating your neighbour at dinner as if she were the only human being that one had ever desired to meet. This will prevent you from listening to the conversation of others. It will also oblige you to be equally and alternately agreeable to your neighbour on your left. You will not enjoy your dinner under such circumstances. The woman on your right will talk to you about Antibes; the woman on your left will discourse on Cannes. It will be the other people who will be discussing the Gestalt theory, or the Croydon murder mystery, or the defects, the very grave defects, of Prince Bülow's policy in 1905. If your ambition is to be thought agreeable you will miss these interesting things. You will hear only of the van Hemer's villa at Cap Ferrat. You will hear only about it being a mistake,—don't you think so Mr. Nicolson?—for girls to marry gentlemen much older than themselves. And having sacrificed the one conversation and endured the other, you will be called an agreeable man. Not a very noble thing to be in any case, and one which in practice leads to persistent inconvenience and interruption. It would be better, almost, to be rude; it would be better, if so extreme a thing were to happen, to be thought conceited. Modesty, in its turn, is a fissure through which the bore will drive his wedge.

● If the first rule is to be vague, and the second disagreeable, the third assuredly is to be impartial. One must have no favourites. If one is to be polite, one must be polite all round. People who display civility only to the rich, the beautiful or the great are apt to find themselves in positions more invidious even than the Grand Canal. For, whereas one can often tell the beautiful at a glance, it is exceedingly difficult to be certain about the rich or great. It is best therefore to cast the bread of politeness upon the waters. Cast it from you vaguely a little sullenly, but with a wide gesture. There must be no sense of premeditation. Your politeness, so long as it remains impersonal, can be as lavish as it wishes.

These three rules will, you may be assured, contribute largely to the civilised conduct of life. If you stick to these principles you will not be thought rude by all the people all the time. I admit, however, that they constitute but a minimum of polite behaviour. It is possible to go further, to add to the credit side of your civility, without expending too much energy or wealth. I may be permitted, perhaps, to make certain tentative suggestions regarding the decorative sides of social intercourse.

● I would suggest, for instance, that it is an excellent habit to answer invitations. Much irritation and inconvenience is caused by people who do not reply. I have found, in my own case, that whereas I generally answer the invitations which leave me indifferent, I am apt to forget to answer those invitations which provoke in me an immediate reaction. I have no explanation to offer for this curious phenomenon. It may be that, in the case of invitations the receipt of which awakes in me an immediate mental "yes" or an immediate mental "no", I imagine that the registration of this emotion constitutes in itself a written acceptance or refusal. Mrs. X. asks me to a garden fête. The very sight of her card arouses in my soul a categorical negative. Three days later I imagine that this negative was actually transcribed on to paper: "Yes," I think, "I certainly wrote and told Mrs. X. that I would be unable to come." On the other hand such invitations as awake within me neither the yearning of acceptance nor the repulsion of refusal are generally answered, politely and neatly, within a few hours. Similarly it is for the parties that I have either enjoyed enormously or disliked enormously that I forget to write a letter of thanks: the ordinary colourless parties are crowned by me with a suitable letter on the day of my return. Evidently politeness and the deeper emotions do not go hand in hand.

A further case in which rapidity of action saves trouble in the end is that of inadvertent rudeness which requires an apology. The waters of estrangement pour so quickly through the torn barriers of convention, that unless these parapets are at once repaired you will find yourself sundered by a flood. Thus should you, owing to slight astigmatism in the right eye, fail to recognise on Wednesday the woman whom you sat next to at Tuesday's luncheon, it is better, on discovering your error, to write at once. Should you delay, it will be she who, on meeting you that Saturday, will cut you in the street. An immediate letter, a reference to that slight astigmatism, will prevent this occurrence, will make her think you rather charming after all. I have made several enemies by imagining that a letter of apology is too heavy an instrument for so slight an aberration. An apology, when addressed to pleasant people, is worth it every time.

● In no instance does an immediate letter prove useful as when someone has sent you his book to read. Never fail, at such crises in your life, to write at once and assure the author how much you are longing to read his work. It lies there before you unopened. The brown paper in which it has reached you is still in your paper basket, together with severed ends of string. Write at once. In two days you will have to pretend that you have read the book: there are only a few short hours in front of you during which you can honestly say that the book has just reached you, that you are longing. . . . Then if you ever do read the book it is open to you to say nothing or a great deal. You have not been impolite.

More urgent even should be your response to those messages which one finds waiting for one at night time asking one to ring someone up. One ignores such messages. The cold light of dawn finds one next morning with a sense of remorse. By luncheon time you are ashamed. It is too late by then, unless you tell a lie, to answer that message. The only alternative is to erase the name of that person from your list of friends. That is, as I have said, unless you are prepared to lie. But lying is an exhausting process which makes heavy calls upon the memory. Too many lies produce a mental strain similar to that of overwork. The lazy or forgetful man should tell the truth.

There are, of course, certain arabesques of politeness which can *(Continued on page 76)*

we nominate for the hall of fame

IVAN PETROVICH PAVLOV

ANGELO

COUNTESS MARGIT BETHLEN

MURAY

GEORGE GERSHWIN

GOODWIN

CARL MILLES

ERNEST TOLLER

because:

• **IVAN PETROVICH PAVLOV** is the greatest living physiologist; because his *Lectures on Conditioned Reflexes* is an epoch-making book; and finally because he recently refused an official Soviet celebration of his birthday, as he hates communism, although the Soviet voted him $50,000 and diverted traffic so as not to disturb his laboratory dogs

• **COUNTESS MARGIT BETHLEN** is the wife of the Prime Minister of Hungary; because she is a brilliant hostess and an inveterate first-nighter; because her plays have been successfully presented in Italy and Germany; because she is an accomplished writer; and finally because she writes as facilely in English as in French and Hungarian

• **GEORGE GERSHWIN** is a young American musician with an international reputation; because he can produce such serious work as the *Concerto in F* and at the same time write popular music; because he is a pianist of extraordinary ability; and finally because he is at work on an opera for the Metropolitan Opera, based on *The Dybbuk*

• **CARL MILLES** was Rodin's best pupil; because his fountains and sculpture ornament numerous European cities; because he is a notable landscape gardener; because he is a philanthropist who plans to leave his beautiful villa in Sweden to poor young artists; and finally because he is in this country, working on a monument for Chicago

• **ERNEST TOLLER** is a dramatist whose work has been produced in a dozen countries; because some of his finest poems and plays, including *Man and the Masses*, which was presented by the Theatre Guild, were written during his five-year imprisonment for high treason; and finally because, at the age of 36, he is already writing his memoirs

the command original two bid

BY MADELEINE KERWIN

in which an authority on contract bridge explains one of the new conventions of the game to the reader

■ In the good old days of Auction Bridge an original bid of two, in a suit, was used in two ways. Sometimes it meant a string of six or more in that suit, lacking the top cards. It was made in the usually vain hope of preventing a bid by the opponents, but it generally served no better purpose than to embarrass the partner. (Strangely enough this bid is still in use in England, but in America it died of its own weakness and now only survives in the most primitive bridge circles.)

Later there came into vogue, among the best players, an original bid of two with a suit of six or more to an Ace-King and a sure re-entry. This bid showed exactly the type of hand held, and it also encouraged a bid of two no trumps from partner should he be weak in the suit bid, but sure of a stopper in the three other suits. It was a good bid—in Auction.

Then came the dawn—the dawn, that is, of Contract. The Cavendish Club in New York, which has become a center of Contract in the metropolis, was the first New York card club to shunt the old game entirely in favour of its more thrilling successor. Contract was played there before any books on the subject had been written, before any scoring count had been established, before any system of bidding had been tried and proved effective.

At first, at the Cavendish, we were all groping wildly and not always intelligently for a guiding light. Most of the original bids were merely hold-overs from Auction. Among these was the Two Bid to show a set-up suit of at least six cards to the Ace-King with a side entry—usually an ace. Then, as now, the opening bid of Two No Trump promised a big hand with every suit stopped, *but requiring*, one sure, or two probable, tricks from partner to go game.

In those days often I felt at a loss to know how to start the bidding with a certain type of hand so as to reach the best eventual bid for my cards and my partner's. In the course of daily play at the Cavendish there seemed to be very many big hands, hands containing a singleton, or an unprotected suit that endangered a Two No Trump declaration, big hands with no suit long enough to warrant an Original Three bid or a bid for game, hands too big for a call of One, lest partner allow the bidding to die.

Then, searching for a way to show my partner this type of strong, flexible hand, with many possibilities, it came to me that a bid of Two might be made originally on a five or even a four card suit, if there were sufficient side strength to make up a powerful hand containing at least four to five tricks.

When a player was uncertain as to what the best eventual bid for the two hands might be, this Two Bid would show the partner the probability of a game and the possibility of a slam, if a fair understanding could only be reached. The partner could then respond, even holding less than the usual requirements for a bid or a raise. Even if the partner's hand proved worthless the bidder with so much strength could not get into very serious trouble, while, if the partner held even a fair share of cards, a game and often a slam could be reached. Thanks to three or four other members of the Cavendish Club, this original Two Bid, to indicate a big flexible hand, in a suit, was tried out, despite the scorn and opposition of many. It proved so productive of successful results that it was soon taken up by most of the best players in the club and advocated by many of the best teachers.

■ After a further period of testing one heard of its adoption in clubs where contrary systems of bidding had always prevailed; and soon the convention was being tried by the ablest players all over the country.

It was Mr. Ely Culbertson, Editor of *The Bridge World*, (to whom Auction and Contract owe so much) who perfected this original Two Bid in a suit. He has made of it a Command, or Forcing, Bid, *demanding* a further bid from partner, and thus enabling the original bidder to re-bid his own hand.

The justly famous "Vanderbilt Club" bid also demands a response from partner, but this excellent convention has the weakness of being an artificial bid. Often productive of wonderful results in the hands of experienced bidders, its intricacies confuse the average player who flounders about in a vain effort to reach the best eventual bid. Experts can use almost any system of bidding successfully, but for the rank and file there must be found a *simple and direct* convention, and not an artificial one, to show a big hand. The Command or Forcing Two Bid seems the logical answer to that search.

It should be explained that (unless holding two five card suits) to make a Command Two Bid, the hand should contain at least five quick, or so-called Honour, tricks. With a perfect Two Suiter the count may be shaded to four and a half Honour tricks. For example, holding:

Spades	A. K. Q. x. x.
Hearts	A. K. J. x. x.
Diamonds	x. x.
Clubs	x.

Two Spades must be bid. The bidding hand begs for the opportunity later to show the other big suit and a game is certainly in sight in whichever suit the partner has the greater length, if his hand can take but *one* side trick.

Strong four card suits, even four card majors, now can be bid Two originally, as the bidding is sure to be kept open and the hand will not be played at that suit if the partner lacks trump support in it.

Even with a hand certain of game, if the hand contains five Honour tricks, Two should be bid originally. For instance, holding:

Spades	A. K. Q. J. x. x. x.
Hearts	A. K.
Diamonds	K. Q.
Clubs	K. x.

bid Two Spades. Should partner hold either of the missing Aces his response will almost surely show it and a slam can safely be bid on the next round.

There are three possible responses to a Command Bid of Two—and one of them *must* be made if there has been no intervening bid from opponent. But let me explain.

1.—The Forced Response:

■ The original bidder has bid Two in a suit. Now his partner, with a practically worthless hand, not holding four trumps (or three to the Queen) and one Honour trick, *must* respond with a bid of Two No Trumps. For instance, if the partner had bid Two Spades and you hold:

Spades	x. x. x.
Hearts	Q. x. x. x.
Diamonds	x. x.
Clubs	x. x. x. x.

you *must* make a response of Two No Trumps. This assures the opening bidder that there is no Honour trick and probably no trump support. With this information the original bidder can use his own judgement in either leaving the Two No Trump bid alone, or in rebidding his own hand. *(Continued on page 78)*

■ Since 1925, Josephine Hutchinson has been a member of Eva Le Gallienne's company. She has contributed several fine studies, but her shy charm and her indisputable gifts for pantomime were never brought out so poignantly as in the part of the disturbing Nineteenth Century innocent with her symbolic doll whom the French author, Claude Anet, chose as the heroine of *Mademoiselle Bourrat*

the young member of the civic repertory company plays in anet's "mlle. bourrat"

josephine hutchinson

the silence that told a tale

BY CLAUDE ANET

a secret is shared, yet never told, and a lady who lived abundantly is allowed to rest in peace

■ We were talking, that night at Mme. W——'s, of the Duchess of Villeréal. Her tragic and absurd death, coming so grotesquely after a glittering, brilliant life—a life lived to its fullest extent—had brought her, now, into grim prominence. She had lived intensely, in the warm light of a universal admiration which she had always sought, and had found early in life. And now her premature death was the topic on all tongues from San Sebastian to Le Touquet, from the Lido to Deauville; it ran through every conversation as inevitably as the waters of the spas wound through the earth, as the swift brooks sparkled through the mountains.

Was she not known by everyone of importance on the Continent—the Egeria of more than one famous man, the cherished friend of the most distinguished artists? Had we not seen her in the company of Proust and Stravinsky, Rodin and Renoir, Valéry and Einstein, and a host of others? Musicians dedicated their finest works to her, painters did her portrait (ten portraits of her fortunately remain, and they will surely hang, one day, in the Louvre—a posthumous honour which would have touched her deeply).

And this woman had just died, in her thirty-fifth year, in a stupid automobile accident. Is there a death more idiotic, more senseless for a beautiful and intelligent woman? That the man with her, a sporting spendthrift who found his only thrill in speed, should have driven his car into oblivion at eighty miles an hour surprised no one, and no one mourned him. But for the Duchess of Villeréal, who had been so magnificently alive, to end in a frightful mélange of blood, gasoline and oil, fragments of glass and twisted metal, was horrible, preposterous. . . . As we talked of her, the dreadful picture grew in our minds of those noble lips torn by splinters of glass, that beautiful face contorted in agony and terror, that graceful head, once the abode of rich and simple thought, now crushed and broken. . . .

These were the *macabre* reflections that occupied us that evening at Mme. W——'s. The Paris newspapers had just brought us word of the Duchess's death. We had all known her more or less, some of us by sight only; and now, as each of us contributed what he knew of her, we began slowly to assemble a kind of word-picture of this lovely woman—a spontaneous portrait from memory, accented by some rather subtle touches; for we, in France, excel in this kind of psychological study, and as in everything that we do well, we take a lively pleasure in doing it.

After discussing everything that was common knowledge about the Duchess, we began to go a little more deeply into the subject, to probe a little into what lay beneath the brilliant surface. We all agreed that this gifted woman had a quality, a *je ne sais quoi*, that was disconcerting. It was as though she had somehow escaped the laws that bound the rest of humanity, as though she were proof against the frailties that fettered us all. She was more admired than loved. . . .

Our hostess turned to Antoine Cély, a young writer who had already made a name for himself. He had taken less part in the conversation than any of us.

■ "You've said very little, Antoine, and yet who knew her better than you? You could shed some light on the subject, if you would. . . ."

"Did anyone really know her?" he answered evasively. "And if I did know anything, wouldn't it be indiscreet . . . ?"

Mme. W—— smiled. "Come, Antoine, you have too many scruples. The Duchess is dead, and we are not asking you to betray her confidence. Upon my word, your air of embarrassment leads us to believe . . ."

Antoine Cély laughed. "God forbid! I suppose you are right—why shouldn't I speak freely? But I know less than you think—— the Duchess was a woman who lived within herself. I have made a thousand guesses about her—but they were only guesses. I have built, out of tiny facts, frail suppositions which were all, perhaps, very far from the truth. Fundamentally, what you are interested in knowing is, whether she had lovers."

"You could not have expressed it more clearly," admitted Mme. W——.

"She loved to surround herself with men," said Antoine Cély, thoughtfully, "everyone knows that. She drank deep of their minds, their artistic gifts, the authority and the brilliance that dwelt in them. All that, they gave her lavishly; and she needed it—it was her spiritual food. But she was beautiful, and a woman, and no doubt there were many men who would have liked to give her more than that. Two or three were, to my knowledge, passionately in love with her . . . was she able to keep them at a distance? Or did she, on the contrary, want to attach them to herself wholly? She started badly . . . a drunken and brutal husband who was unfaithful to her; and a woman, unless she is ardently sensual—as the Duchess manifestly was not—does not recover easily from such a disillusionment. They separated a year after their marriage. The husband returned to his former loves, and she began a brilliant life divided between Madrid, Rome, London and Paris.

"It is probable that she never knew passion, that she had no difficulty in controlling the transports of her own heart. She was never *Vénus toute entière à sa proie attachée*. Perhaps the price of great intelligence, of acute sensibility in a woman is this inability to forget herself, to give herself entirely. . . . I have known two gifted women who paid this price—the Duchess of Villeréal had that much in common with them."

"My dear Antoine," interrupted our hostess, "we grant you that point. The Duchess was not a great lover—but that concerns only passionate love. Didn't she have her caprices? Did she satisfy them? We don't ask to know more than that."

Antoine Cély reflected for a moment, hesitated, then said:

"I wish I could answer that. What will you think of me when I tell you that, one day, the opportunity did come to me to know her—shall we call it her secret? And that I failed to take advantage of it."

"I should never have thought you so inept."

"Wait. . . . The story is a brief one, if you care to hear it. You can judge me afterward."

We drew our chairs closer to Antoine Cély, and disposed ourselves comfortably to listen.

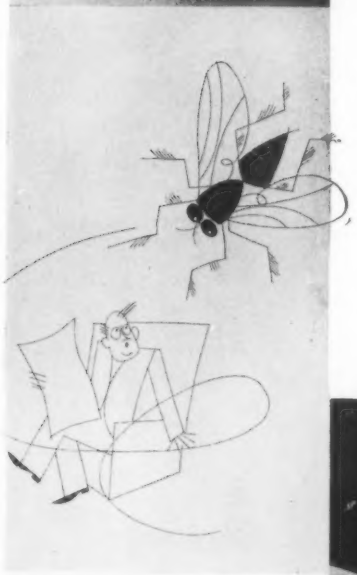
■ "During the war," he began, "when I was stationed near Verdun, I was sent on an important mission to St. Raphael, where the principal concentration camp of the black troops was situated. You can imagine my joy at escaping from the purgatory of the front-line trenches, and finding myself in a part of France where the noise of the cannons could not be heard; and my pleasure was increased by the knowledge that Mme. de Villeréal had, as you know, a villa—Villa Tamaris—near Beauvallon. She had turned it into a hospital for convalescents. I telegraphed her, and when I arrived in the afternoon, her car was waiting for me—for I was to stay at the villa, the auto taking me to St. Raphael as often as it was necessary.

"At the villa, I was a little surprised to meet a man whom I knew slightly, and whom you will allow me to call simply X——, for he is still very much alive *(Continued on page 86)*

a postcript to the early chapters of

BY FERENC MOLNÁR

the skilful raconteur adds a few episodes to his tales of life and the artists in budapest



• A short while ago, in these very pages, I told a few anecdotes I had treasured up about the poverty-stricken artist of the old days and his unrequited love of money. I felt, and still feel, that I would have to present all the stories I know about the artist and money in great haste lest the public forget that artists were not always millionaires. Yet, I find that in my hurry to set down my tales before the type was extinct, some amusing stories on this same subject had quite slipped my mind. I hasten to add them, in memory of the writers and painters and actors of former times and their threadbare coats and graceful wits.

Tristan Bernard, the well-known French author, is a delightful example and one of the most charming men on earth. He is a fat man with smiling eyes and a long beard; and it is an unforgettable delight to spend an evening with him. He will tell you hundreds of anecdotes and humorous stories, all with unsurpassable grace and abundant wit. One evening he told me the following little story from his own life which is most characteristic of the relation that exists between the artists and money.

Tristan Bernard once made eighty thousand *francs* on one of his plays. He decided that this sum would serve as the basis of his fortune. Consequently, he deposited it in the *Banque de France,* in a savings account. And he vowed that he would constantly add to it until it reached the tidy sum of one million *francs.* But fate decided differently. His capital not only ceased growing, but was constantly dwindling. Tristan Bernard appeared in the *Banque de France* every week—but not to deposit anything. He went there to draw money out. And, in a few months, all that was left in the bank was one thousand *francs.* In a short while, he was in need of this sum too. The humorist went sadly to the bank and withdrew the last thousand *francs.* Now he had nothing in the bank. When he left the big building, he noticed the soldier standing guard in front of the bank. According to an old tradition, there has been a soldier with fixed bayonet standing guard before the *Banque de France* since time immemorial. Tristan Bernard sadly stepped to the guard, patted him on the shoulder, and said in a friendly voice:

"Thank you, my man. You may go home now."

• A popular tenor in Budapest was well known for two things. First: no matter how much he earned, he never had any money, and, therefore, he was continually borrowing from his friends and acquaintances. Second: he loved to drink and stay out late, consequently, he was often hoarse and unable to appear at performances. One day, he visited Professor P., the most famous Budapest specialist in throat diseases. Professor P. is not only a fine doctor but also a very charming man who is inordinately fond of actors and the theatre. He expresses this fondness in never accepting any fees from his actor-patients. The actors know this. But, at the end of a treatment, they always ask him, out of politeness, how much they owe him. To which Professor P. invariably replies: "Nothing! I never accept money from actors." Our hoarse actor was well aware of this and he let the professor treat his rusty throat for quite a long time. The professor finally cured him. When the treatment was over and the tenor visited the professor for the last time, the physician took leave of him.

• "You are cured," he said, "but it is absolutely necessary for you to go south and rest your voice in some Italian sea-coast resort for a month. Good-bye. *Bon voyage.*"

The Tenor hesitated; then said:

"Thank you. And now I must mention the money—"

"No! No!" the professor exclaimed. "I never accept money from artists!"

"But, professor—"

The professor interrupted him again:

"No! No! Don't talk about money! You know my feeling for art—actors are the benefactors of mankind! I consider myself happy whenever I can be of some slight service to such a famous artist as yourself!"

my memories

"But," the tenor cried, "why don't you let me finish my sentence? Let's mention money —I want to ask you to lend me a thousand *kronen* so I can go down to Italy!"

• The painter, L. M., was a poor man but there was among his friends a rich banker. Their friendship was a curious one; for while the banker experienced a sort of elegant satisfaction in the possession of such an artistic friend, the artist's feeling for the man of finance sprang from a more practical source. He hoped that, some day, the banker would purchase from him a nice big canvas. But the banker did not purchase anything, neither a big canvas nor a small one. On the other hand, he often invited the painter to his *soirées*, during the season, in order to boast of the celebrity's presence. Furthermore, whenever he was in the neighbourhood of the artist's studio, he dropped in on him, smoked a few of the painter's cigarettes, drank a glass of the painter's *liqueur*, and left. One day, the banker entered the studio just when the painter was searching among his sketches which were stored in a big closet. The banker stepped to the open closet and saw that there were a few hundred handsome sketches lying around there. He picked up one that represented the head of a pretty woman, and turned to the painter and said:

"I'll take the portrait of this pretty girl home with me. As a souvenir. You have several hundred of them and I haven't one of yours."

The painter did not say a word. He let the banker take away the portrait as a souvenir. But, in a few days, he visited the banker in his office. He said that he had been in the neighbourhood and he had thought that he would drop in on him for a few seconds. The safe behind the banker's desk was open, and on one of the shelves, there lay a bunch of French one thousand *franc* notes. The painter stepped to the safe and picked up one of the banknotes which, as it is well known, have the portrait of a pretty girl in their design. He turned to the banker and repeated to him the very words the banker had said to him:

"I'll take the portrait of this pretty girl home with me. As a souvenir. You have several hundred of them, and I haven't one of yours."

He put the thousand *franc* note in his pocket, bid good-bye and left. The banker blushed and said nothing. But their "friendship" was ended.

The hero of this story is a baritone. He was rather a difficult baritone—a little inclined to spasms of temperament, a little too enchanted by the glamour of his own prestige. When he sang, the world held its breath; or, if it didn't, he was apt to be seriously annoyed with the world.

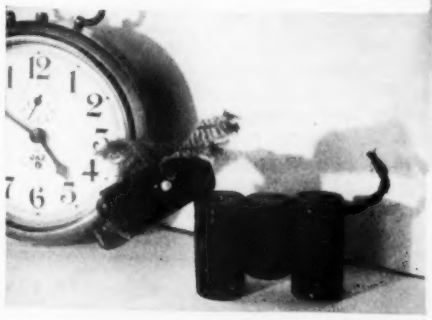
One evening, this magnificent person was invited to a *soirée* at the home of a Viennese banker. After supper, the guests begged him to sing something. He protested, posed in a dozen attitudes of reluctance, cleared his throat, glanced furtively in the mirror . . . and, at length, with an air of plaintive resignation, yielded to their request. He sang three Schubert songs. The guests honoured him with resounding applause. A few minutes afterwards, the baritone, pale with a false but effective fatigue, took his leave. The courteous host accompanied him down to the hall of his house, thanked him once more for his singing and, with a discreet gesture, handed over to him *a sealed envelope.*

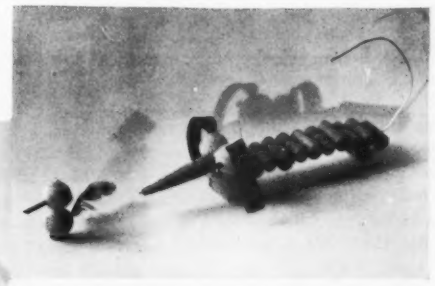
• The baritone burst out nervously:

"Thank you, but don't give me any sealed envelopes! I know very well this type of discreet gratitude! My fee for three songs is one thousand *kronen.* I won't accept anything less!"

And he handed the envelope back to the banker, who broke it open, revealing two thousand *kronen* banknotes. He put one of them back into his pocket and handed over the other one to the singer, with these words:

"Forgive me. I thought your fee was two thousand *kronen.*"





de lavererie creates an engaging zoo out of odds and ends as well as with his pen

a miscellaneous menagerie

the captain's drive

BY BERNARD DARWIN

the duke of york prepares to be initiated as captain of the royal and ancient golf club of saint andrews

● At eight o'clock in the morning, on the attendance at the Scottish court, had, among (the traditional date of the Autumn Medal of St. Andrews, in Scotland) His Royal Highness, the Duke of York, will hit his ball from the first tee and, by that single stroke, will win a medal and drive himself into office as Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews.

There will no doubt be a great crowd to see him do it, much greater than assembles to pay its respects to the ordinary run of golf captains. Otherwise there is a pleasantly immutable quality about this scene which has been taking place almost from time immemorial. It is generally a grey morning with something chill and autumnal in the air, cold enough to make the new Captain give an uneasy little shiver and wish that he was well through with it. There is dew on the big flat stretch of turf which extends all the way from the clubhouse to the burn, beautifully void of bunkers so that, whatever betide, the ball must travel a respectable distance. The windows of the hatch and houses looking on the links are filled with onlookers who think they will do their duty comfortably indoors and have breakfast afterwards. The more energetic, some of them masking signs of a hurried dressing under a mackintosh and intending to shave later, crowd around the first tee and on the terrace above it.

KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

H. R. H. THE DUKE OF YORK

● The tee itself is clear except for a few official personages: Andrew Kilkaldy, who holds the new Captain's driver, and stoops not quite so easily as he once did to tee the ball; W. W. T. Linskill, the Dean of the Quill, who, in 1929, witnessed the ceremony for the fifty-fifth consecutive time; N. Norman Boase who may be reverently called the Pooh-Bah of St. Andrews, since he comprises in himself the Provost of the Ancient City, the Chairman of the Championship Committee and the Chairman of the Greens Committee. The caddies who are to struggle to retrieve the ball take up their positions. For the most part they cluster thickly together at such a range from the tee as the known driving powers of the new Captain seem to justify. Here and there, however, may be seen a caddie playing a lone hand and banking on the chance that early morning stiffness combined with natural tension may produce a foozle. The hands of the clubhouse clock creep slowly towards the hour and the Captain appears to be making an apprehensive joke or two. The first stroke of eight cleaves the shivering air; the Captain has one practice swing and strikes. The crowd cheers; the little cannon on the hill makes a gallant pop; the caddies tumble over one another in a brief scrimmage and then one is to be seen marching back in triumph, his unsuccessful competitors trailing out behind him. He brings the ball back to the Captain who presents him with a golden sovereign. Cohorts of photographers beg the pair to shake hands once again which they do, looking a little sheepish, while the cameras click. Everyone disperses to breakfast and, by five minutes past eight, the first players are on their long pilgrimage in quest of the medal.

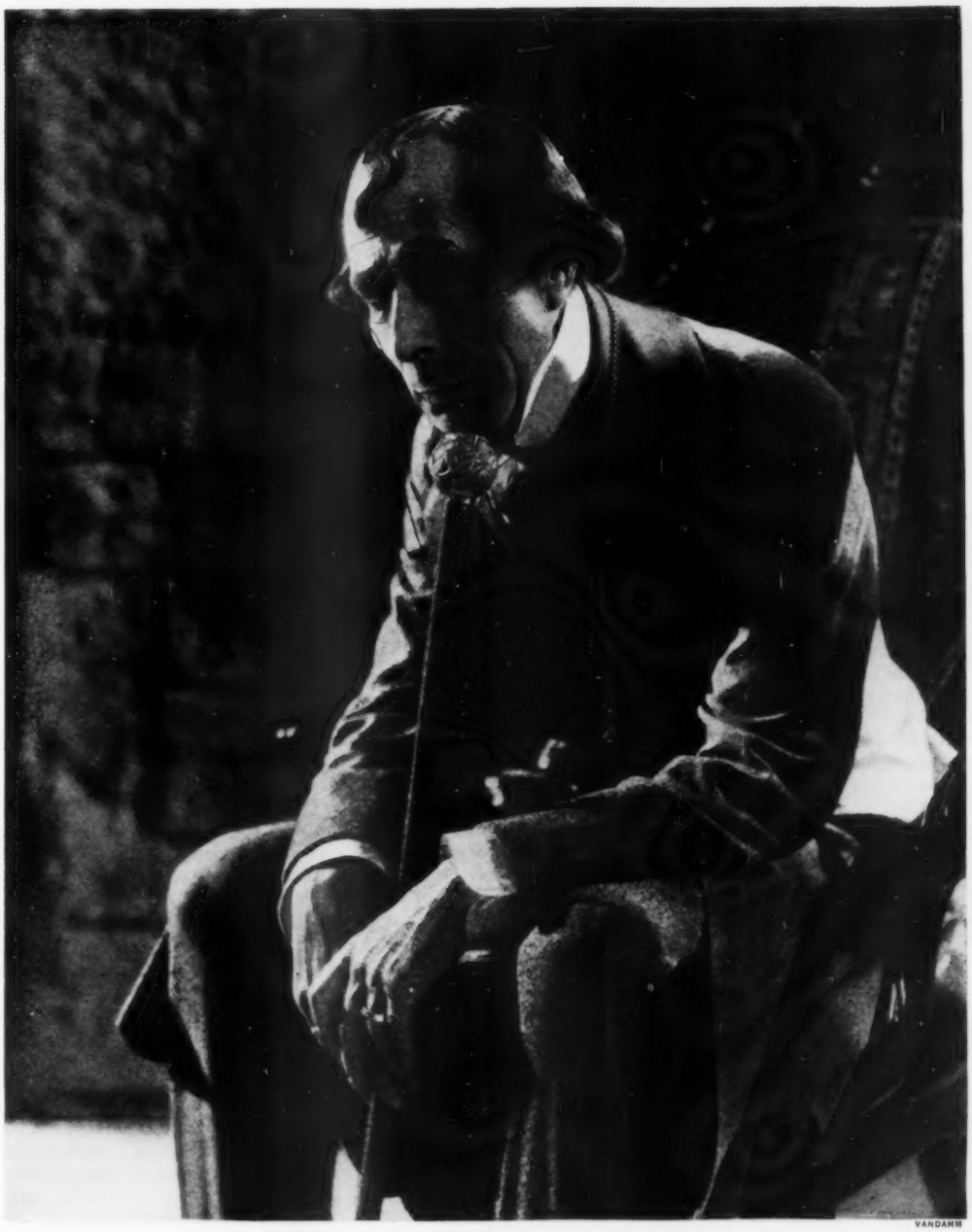
It will not be the first time that the Duke of York has driven off a ceremonial ball for he did so at the opening of the public course near London and that with conspicuous success; the photographers showed a follow through of which any champion might be proud. Neither will he be the first member of his house to do honour to the Royal and Ancient. That title was in fact conferred on it by King William IV in 1834 and three years later he presented to it the medal bearing his name which is the chief prize at this autumn meeting. At the same time "His Majesty had great satisfaction in availing himself of this opportunity to evince his approbation of that ancient institution." But King William IV was only its Patron and never its Captain.

In 1863 the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, was Captain, but performed the ceremony of inauguration by a deputy. Thirteen years later Prince Leopold became Captain and duly drove off his ball. Exactly how far he drove it I do not know; for *The Life of Tom Morris* remarks, with a certain loyal vagueness, that "the Prince struck off in a manner that showed he was no novice in the art." On the following day the Prince, with Tom Morris as his partner, played a match of six holes, the first three out and the last three home, against two opponents. They won by two and one and likewise won the home hole so that in the becomingly solemn language of the *St. Andrews Citizen* "they were thus three up on the day's play." This loyal journal also remarks that the Prince "showed himself no novice" and this unanimity of polite phraseology is a little suspicious. So indeed the author seems to think; for he gives another version in the criticism of a St. Andrews caddie: "Be he Prince or deevil he canna play gowf a d——!"

After Prince Leopold came a long gap until the present Prince of Wales was Captain, in 1926. The popularity of golf had spread so much and St. Andrews was so much more easily available by this time that it was a really gallant feat of the Prince's not merely to drive off his ball but, later in the day, to play his full medal round, beset as he was by hundreds of sightseers from Dundee and all the country round who showed an almost embarrassing enthusiasm.

It must have been a stern ordeal, as also may be the Duke of York's next autumn, but his Royal Highness will be able to remember that an earlier bearer of his name had to undergo one, still more severe, no less than the upholding of the golfing honour of Scotland. This was James, Duke of York, afterwards King James II, and here is the story:

● "Two English noblemen, who, during their attendance at the Scottish court, had, among other fashionable amusements of the period, occasionally practiced golf, were one day debating the question with His Royal Highness, the Duke of York, whether that amusement were peculiar to Scotland or England; and having some difficulty in coming to an issue on the subject, it was proposed to decide the question by an appeal to the game itself; the Englishmen agreeing to rest the legitimacy of their national pretensions as golfers, together with a large sum of money, on the result of a match, to be played with His Highness and any Scotchman he could bring forward. The Duke, whose great aim at that time was popularity, thinking this no bad opportunity both for asserting his claim to the character of a Scotchman, and for flattering a national prejudice, immediately accepted the chal- *(Continued on page 88)*



george arliss

the flawless disraeli of the stage repeats his triumph in the talking film based on the life of the english statesman

● It was eighteen years ago that *Disraeli*, the play that Louis N. Parker was commissioned to write for George Arliss, opened on Broadway with Mr. Arliss in the rôle of the man who made Queen Victoria Empress of India. His colourful, authentic portrayal of Disraeli, the brilliant dandy, the fastidious diplomat, was so immediately acclaimed by the public and so firmly established as a part of the tradition of the theatre that the play ran for five years; and there were a good many people who, coming upon a photograph of Disraeli in the history books during that time, felt a vague dissatisfaction because it was not a picture of Mr. Arliss. This distinguished actor subsequently appeared in *The Green Goddess* and *Old English*, plays which, as all of his vehicles seem to do, enjoyed phenomenally long runs. He has lately returned to what is perhaps his best known characterization, and has brought Disraeli to the screen with the same accuracy with which he portrayed him on the stage. This film, the first historical drama to be presented by the talking pictures, has achieved an immense and not altogether anticipated success

up to cal

BY JOHN RIDDELL

CALVIN COOLIDGE BY COVARRUBIAS

if the author of "the autobiography" of mr. coolidge had written al smith's "up to now"

● EDITOR'S NOTE: Discerning readers claim to have discovered a certain basic similarity of plot between the autobiography of Alfred E. Smith, entitled *Up to Now*, and the autobiography of Calvin Coolidge, entitled, by an odd coincidence, *The Autobiography of Calvin Coolidge*. In order to demonstrate that Mr. Coolidge could have done as successful a job if he had employed the events of Mr. Smith's life instead of his own, *Vanity Fair* this month has persuaded its staff autobiographer, Mr. John Riddell, to present the plot of *Up to Now* as it would have been handled by the author of *The Autobiography of Calvin Coolidge*. In case the reader is unaware, Mr. Riddell is a Smith man.

● It is a very old saying that nothing succeeds like success. The more I see of life, the more I am convinced that the only difference between success and failure is whether you succeed or whether you fail.

Success is what you make it.

While every little boy cannot be the President of the United States, yet it is true that every President was once a little boy. My own experience in this respect did not differ from that of others.

A stitch in time saves two in the bush.

I was born in New York on December 30, 1873. Although I was not present at the time, I do not take any credit for this. The first quality in a great man should be humility. I have always felt that it was this quality of humility which first started me on the path which was to lead eventually to the doors of the White House.

The town of New York lies on the westerly shore of the North River, north of the East River and somewhat south of the central part of New York State. This part of the state is made up of a series of narrow streets and high buildings, some of which rank as skyscrapers that must reach an elevation of at least five hundred feet. My grandparents settled here in 1841.

The inhabitants were a hardy, self-contained people, uncontaminated by wicked country ways. They learned diligence and perseverance and fortitude in the clean wholesome air of the city. It was this honest American background from which I derived the diligence and perseverance and fortitude which enabled me to make my way from poor boy to candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

Honesty is the best policy.

My grandfather Galusha found great amusement in practical jokes, and could entice a man into a nest of bees and make him think he went there of his own accord. My Grandmother, on the other hand, had a comical way of pulling out the chair from under a guest as he was about to sit down. My Great-Aunt Harriet usually contented herself with pulling the wings off blue-bottle flies, though she was not above locking the bathroom door from the outside. My own notions rather ran to dribble glasses and rubber cigars, and I have always felt that these family pranks contributed to me a sense of humor which was to prove invaluable during my subsequent campaign for President of the United States.

My parents then lived in a small tenement at 174 South Street, under the Brooklyn Bridge. Our house was well shaded by tall elevated pillars and the overhanging superstructure of the bridge, and had in front an awning, a little hydrant which was watered carefully every day, and a rambling fire-escape which burst into bloom now and then with gaily-colored mattresses, denim overalls and red flannel underdrawers. Within view were more buildings just like ours, and on the corner was the local saloon-keeper and beyond him the pool-room. This locale was known as the Bowery, and although I think the inhabitants had little realization of its natural beauty, they all loved it because it was their home. The people were of exemplary habits. Their speech was clean and their lives above reproach. The break of day saw them stirring, and their industry continued after twilight. They cherished the teachings of the Bible and sought to live in accordance with its precepts. I often pity the country boy who was not brought up in this fresh and clean atmosphere of the city.

Games never interested me much, though I had some skill with a bat. My mind did not turn toward playing and wasting. We had a number of horse-cars, so that I was able to indulge my pleasure in riding. A horse-car is much company, and riding along the city streets is a good occupation for a boy. Sometimes I visited Coney Island or the beer gardens in Hoboken, but of course I was never permitted to attend the rural barn-dances or husking bees which were held in the wicked countryside north of New York.

● How often during my public career when I was serving my people first as Governor and later as candidate for President of the United States did my mind revert to those clean and wholesome evenings when I would listen innocently to the gentle mooing of the elevated trains overhead or the plaintive piping of a policeman's whistle in the distance.

The prevailing dress of our neighborhood was that of the countryside, and although I liked to go barefoot my father always wore a brown derby, which my grandmother knitted for him from homespun woolen yarn. In later years I liked to wear this derby and smoke a fine Havana cigar which my father had always smoked before me. When news pictures began to be taken of me, I found that among the public this was generally supposed to be a make-up costume, which it was not. In public life it is sometimes necessary in order to appear natural to be actually artificial.

It is really quite a paradox.

My father's wages were small, and pressure of necessity, the mother of invention, soon forced me to abandon parochial school and secure a position in the Fulton Street fish market, where they sold fish. Here I worked night and day serving the public, for I realized that fish formed a cheaper food and that it was perhaps partly due to my own efforts that some starving family would eat that night. There were few triflers among the employees. A small number became what we called sports, but they were not looked on with favour, and they have not survived. Nature is inexorable. If men do not follow the truth, they cannot live. Unless men live, they die.

Fish are very clean and wholesome. My contact with fish in the Fulton Market taught me truth, courage, honesty, sincerity, humility, geometry and French.

One very funny incident occurred while I was working in the fish market. There was a man of sound common sense, but without much book-learning, whose occupation it was to weigh the fish. One day he wanted to weigh a haddock, and he asked "Where are the scales?" Someone replied "On the haddock." This caused him to be referred to at times by the irreverent as Old Haddock.

I have always felt that my training in grasping these slippery creatures firmly in my right hand proved invaluable later during my long weeks of handshaking as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

Daisies don't tell.

Without in any way being conscious of what I was doing, I was slowly entering upon a career that was to lead me in time to the doors of the White House. Some unknown power had taken me in charge, and I was embarked upon a public career that was to continue until November 8, 1929, when it was to end by my own volition. *(Continued on page 78)*

smart women choose tweeds because they are equally chic on land, water and in the air

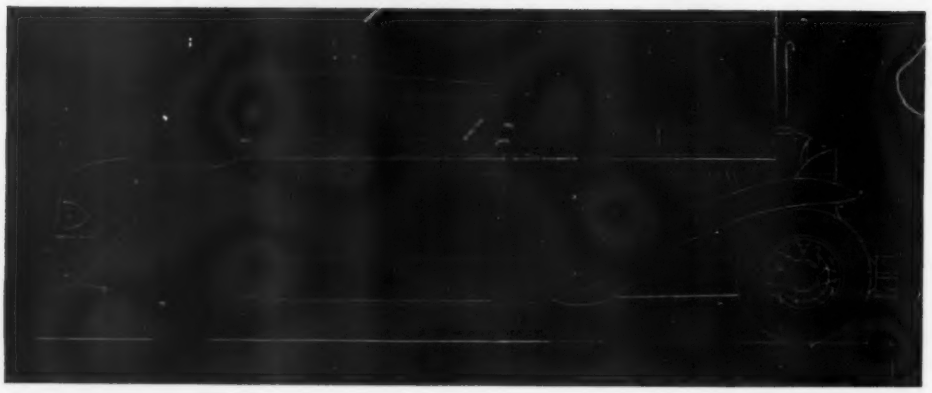
tweeds for travelling

● When you have settled where to go there is still the question of how to go. The commercial airplane is a new conveyance to be considered. Fortunately we are not obliged to wear leather flying suits and helmets, but can look very smart in the latest tweeds. Though these have found a place in the air, they are still considered smartest for land and sea. For motor trips they are ideal, for if you start from town and finish in the country you can be sure of looking equally well in either place. For train travel you would pick a more formal tweed and the lady on the right is ready to step on the 20th Century or the Paris-Rome Express in her black and white Chanel suit. The coat is black with the collar and cuffs in the same black and white jersey as the one-piece dress; from Jay Thorpe. The lady in the middle is perfectly dressed for an airplane ride or to walk the decks of an ocean liner in her dark brown tweed that is flecked with yellow. The blouse is rather an original model of yellow suède, fastened with a zipper and which can be worn inside or outside the skirt; from Bergdorf Goodman. A good all-around travelling suit for cold weather is this fur-lined coat of beige tweed-like jersey with a dress of the same

● This Weymann body on a Stutz chassis is a noteworthy example of the newer lines in custom coachwork, producing in its curved top, windows and accented horizontality an effect of speed and power quite evident here

● A dark belt moulding and fenders and valence contrasting with the light colour of the car give a long sweeping line that is unbroken below the belt. Panel louvres carry out the flat effect. Body by Brunn on a Pierce-Arrow

● A convertible coupe by Holbrook on a Franklin chassis illustrates further the new top-line that curves into a short tilted windshield. The cowl continues the line of the top sloping away to the front of the hood



● The wing-like fenders of this Murphy body on a Duesenberg chassis give an already long body even greater apparent length. Extended rear fenders and a trunk balance the tremendous length of hood, harmonizing in their lines

the new york motor salon

illustrating in black and white current trends in custom coachwork

● Flattened front fenders and stream-line door handles, resembling in cross-section airplane wings, are in harmony with the long lines and general plan of the body designed to eliminate wind-resistance. Body by Murphy on a Cord

● LeBaron built this sports phaeton on a Packard chassis. The height of the hood, suggesting great power, is accentuated by the lower tonneau, and the moulding treatment is unconventional and quite sportsman-like in spirit

presenting the new custom coachwork

● A town brougham by Fleetwood on a Cadillac chassis, shown at the left, presents a restrained treatment of modern lines in a very formal town car. The top curves gracefully; windows, fenders, and mouldings add to the ensemble

● The town cabriolet by Brunn on a Lincoln chassis is semi-collapsible. A light-coloured top contrasting with a dark body, and its boat-like stern which conceals a luggage compartment, make this one of the less formal of town cars

london letter

the englishman's heavy overcoats for day and evening wear on good and bad winter days

■ Overcoats, like shoes, hats, and so forth, are, so to speak, a department in themselves and very important among the countless number of things that go to make up the well-dressed man's wardrobe. The three coats shown here are necessary between October and April and cover the occasions on which a man needs a heavy overcoat.

First, and most important, is the overcoat for town wear, illustrated in two sketches showing the back and the front. This classical type of overcoat is made with a plain instead of a half-belted back and the inverted pleat of the "Guards" coat is missing. It is made without any cuff to the sleeve, double-breasted, with six buttons (the middle two exactly at the waist-line), peaked lapels which roll to the middle button, and it falls well below the knee. To be smartly cut, this coat should hang straight and not flare markedly. There are four small buttons to finish the sleeve just as on the sleeve of a lounge jacket. The coat should be made of a heavy dark blue material, either plain or with a self pattern. Often the material has a tinge of grey in it, which should be scarcely noticeable. It is worn for day and evening on dress occasions as well as for morning wear in town.

A raincoat is indispensable in every well-dressed man's wardrobe. It is a light-weight coat but, because it is proof against cold winds as well as wet weather, is sufficiently warm for the average stormy day. It should always be worn with a soft felt hat, preferably a brown hat, and an umbrella with a handle of hickory or some rough looking wood that is suited to country use is in best taste.

A fur-lined overcoat with a rolled fur collar for travelling, whether by motor or train, during the extremely cold weather is the ideal one. This type of coat is absolutely necessary at St. Moritz or when crossing the Atlantic in winter, and it is a coat that has many uses during the severe winter months both in town and in the country.

■ In the upper left-hand corner of the illustration at the left is shown the back of the same dark coat which appears in the foreground. It is fairly long and the skirt hangs almost straight from the waist

■ A single-breasted raincoat cut with a fly front and military collar is shown on another figure. It has raglan shoulders, is very loose in fit and has a detachable fleece lining for cold weather wear

■ The dark coat on the figure in the foreground is suitable for both day and evening wear in town. Cut double-breasted, it is made of heavy dark blue material, lined with satin and has a plain, slightly fitted back

■ The fur-lined coat with a rolled fur collar, shown on a figure at the left, is made of brown tweed and is cut rather long. It is slightly fitted at the waist for warmth and full enough in the skirt for comfort

ENJOY PEA SOUP

AS BLENDED BY CAMPBELL'S FAMOUS CHEFS

CHARM with utility! Delicacy with strength! Daintiness of flavor with exceptional nutritive value! Good pea soup... the best pea soup... Campbell's Pea Soup ... offers this union of seeming opposites. Allure for your taste. Real food for your appetite.

This is unmistakably evidenced by the high favor in which Campbell's Pea Soup is held both for the formal occasion and the general family menu ... In both roles it is a stellar performer.

The daintiest and sweetest of peas are here blended with rich butter and seasoned with the verve of the master into as tempting a soup as ever graced your cups... When you preside as hostess or direct as home-manager, Campbell's Pea Soup is an appreciated aid. 12 cents a can.

YOUR CHOICE

Order any of these Campbell's Soups from your grocer

ASPARAGUS
BEAN
BEEF
BOUILLON
CELERY
CHICKEN
CHICKEN-GUMBO (OKRA)
CLAM CHOWDER
CONSOMMÉ
JULIENNE
MOCK TURTLE
MULLIGATAWNY
MUTTON
OX TAIL
PEA
PEPPER POT
PRINTANIER
TOMATO
TOMATO-OKRA
VEGETABLE
VEGETABLE-BEEF
VERMICELLI-TOMATO

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

for the well-dressed man

smart innovations for the winter season at southern resorts to vary the man's semi-tropical wardrobe

• Directly above is a smart evening outfit to wear at southern resorts this winter. The dinner jacket has a satin-faced collar and lapels and the tie is of the same material. A single pearl is worn • The first figure at the right wears a striped flannel suit in blue-grey with a smoke-grey felt hat, white soft collar, blue shirt, dark blue tie, and brown-and-white shoes. Note the longer jacket • Second at the right, the man wears a grey Turkish towelling beach coat over a two-piece bathing suit consisting of blue shirt and dark blue trunks. He wears also a white muffler and sandals • At the extreme right the figure is wearing a tan gabardine jacket with dark grey flannel trousers, black-soled white buck shoes, striped shirt, maroon-and-white tie and a cocoanut straw hat

• Of all the things that change from year to year, men's styles perhaps are the least affected by modern tendencies and cling most faithfully to traditional types. Tradition reigns supreme, and while the entire effect of a woman's costume may be changed overnight, a man's clothes vary only slightly from season to season. And yet upon these slight changes depend the smart effects that some well-dressed men are able to achieve. It is these slight changes and revivals and modern adaptations of older styles that constitute the so-called new fashions for men. In addition to changes in the clothes themselves, are changes in the manner of wearing them. One season it is considered smart to button only the top one of a three or four button jacket as men did at the beginning of the century, and this year only the button at the waistline is used. One year brown and blue colour combinations are fashionable while another year brown is worn with grey.

For this winter at our southern resorts several new notes appear, very similar perhaps to things of several years ago, and yet sufficiently dissimilar to make them worthy of the attention well-dressed men give them.

The fashionable double-breasted dinner jacket for the south, and the single-breasted one as well, has its collar faced with satin, matching satin lapel-facings. The line of the lapel is changed, too, curving broadly in contrast to the narrow, hollow lapel of last year and the year before. The soft front of the jacket enhances this effect, which tends to give more apparent weight to the chest, and the suggested waistline, which is not actually tight or fitted, by the way, minimizes the girth at that point.

This new lapel line is carried out also in the lounge jackets, as in the double-breasted jacket illustrated here with matching trousers. The suit, worn with a light-weight felt hat and brown-and-white shoes is quite as appropriate in the country as an odd jacket and flannel trousers. However, such an outfit, while appropriate at resorts, is not the thing to wear in town, nor is it correct for traveling, except by motor.

• Striped flannel, rather than plain, is fashionable for suits and jackets this season, and somewhat darker shades of grey and blue-grey are in favour. The stripes in general are dotted white ones on a coloured ground.

Another new note is the fashion for wearing light brown and tan jackets with fairly dark grey trousers and white buck shoes with black soles. One figure on this page shows a tan gabardine jacket worn with grey flannel trousers slightly darker in tone, smart white buck shoes with black rubber soles and a cocoanut fibre hat with a printed silk band.

SPEED • POWER • PICK-UP
EASE OF CONTROL • SAFETY
QUICK SHIFTING • ECONOMY

Chrysler "77" Royal Sedan, $1695 (Special Equipment Extra)

Performance only Chrysler gives!

Even the greatest of Chrysler's previous accomplishments—epochal as they have been—are now completely overshadowed by the new Multi-Range Chryslers. In them, power, speed, acceleration, economy and safety are raised to the highest degree. New and larger engines, down-draft fuelization, and the exclusive Multi-Range transmission and gear shift create performance never before even closely approached.

In one gear alone—the Acceleration Range—you now have all the pick-up of "second" plus smooth, silent flexibility of ordinary "high." In the Speed Range—a new "high" gear—you feel as if you were coasting, so greatly is engine speed reduced at maximum car speeds. And shifting back and forth between forward speeds, no matter how swift the pace, is so quick, quiet and deft as to defy description.

There's new beauty in these marvelous cars—and new comfort, too, in their larger, roomier, exquisitely upholstered bodies, with fitments by Cartier et Cie., the famous international jeweler. As pacemakers of performance and criterions of style, the new Multi-Range Chryslers transcend even Chrysler's previous best so decisively that they leave no basis for comparison.

FEATURES:—Larger, more powerful engines . . . 7-bearing counterbalanced crankshaft . . . multi-range four-speed transmission and gear shift . . . down-draft carburetion . . . Chrysler weatherproof four-wheel hydraulic brakes . . . paraflex springs . . . rubber spring shackles . . . hydraulic shock absorbers . . . larger, roomier bodies of dreadnought non-squeaking construction . . . oversize 6-ply balloon tires . . . adjustable front seats . . . finger-thin steel reinforced steering wheel . . . luxurious pillow-type upholstery . . . metalware by Cartier.

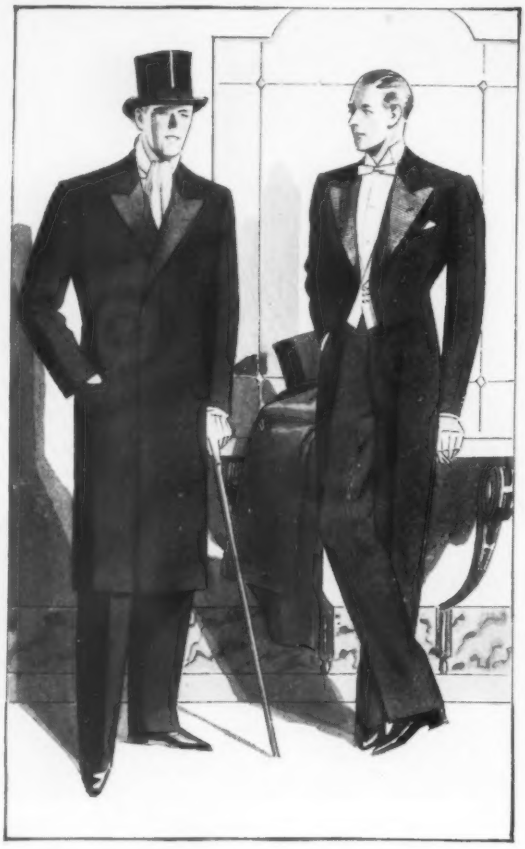
• • •

All Chrysler models will be exhibited at the National Automobile Shows. In addition, special displays during the New York Show, January 4th to 11th, in the Commodore Hotel and during the Chicago Show, January 25th to February 1st, in the Balloon Room and lobbies of the Congress Hotel.

MULTI-RANGE
CHRYSLER

8 Body Styles, priced from $2895 to $3475 — 77
9 Body Styles, priced from $1595 to $1795 — 70
7 Body Styles, priced from $1295 to $1525 — 66
6 Body Styles, priced from $985 to $1065

ALL PRICES F.O.B. DETROIT



Gentlemen's Clothes

FOR FORMAL AND INFORMAL EVENING WEAR

Formal and informal evening clothes may be worn with propriety only when the garments are correctly styled for the occasion and tailored with utmost perfection

Our evening clothes are made for us by specialist tailors of the Hickey-Freeman organization with exact knowledge of detail and finish required in the finest apparel for gentlemen

F·R·TRIPLER & CO.

Outfitters to Gentlemen · Established 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET · NEW YORK

Because He Loved Her

(Continued from page 51)

Belleville. We often use him for clients of the nobility . . . why, even that cane of his was given to him by a countess —wasn't it, Monsieur Alfred?"

M. Alfred looked fondly at the cane. "I get results, and that's the truth," he admitted, "and then the people I've been of service to send me a little something—as it's only right they should, of course—and sometimes a little souvenir of themselves. . . ."

Julie's melancholy, during all this time, had deepened to a mood of black despair. Life seemed a burden to her, empty and mocking; she was no longer even sure of her beauty, since nobody appeared to notice it. She had, she told herself pathetically, no admirers.

"You are very happily married," men told her, with polite regret. And then they let her severely alone. It was maddening.

Even at Madame Malorque's, where ancient horrors sixty years old succeeded in having rakish flirtations, she had not met one man, young or old, who could or would give her one little word of tribute, of admiration to flatter her vanity! Had she become ugly or stupid? She had tried to attract M. Lepierval, a dissipated Romeo who frequented that *salon;* but in vain. In vain she had attempted to enchant M. de Mirmont, whose emotional capacity was usually such that he was unable to ask a waitress for a glass of water without putting into the request all the tremulous passion of a declaration of love. Frépal and Verteuil, who specialized in paying court to unhappy wives, treated her with an offensive respect. Alas! she yearned to play with fire, and there was none . . . only ashes everywhere; and she had arrived psychologically at a crisis where the approval of her mirror did not count, nor did the vague admiration of a husband who was no longer a bridegroom. . . .

But suddenly . . . she was transformed, as if by a miracle! Her fretfulness gave way to amiability, her indifference to animation. She spent every afternoon away from home, and she came back radiant with good spirits. She put little nosegays of spring flowers on her husband's desk, and from time to time embraced him in a motherly fashion, as though she would console him for something.

"Get busy, by heaven!" Cyprien besought his agent. "There must be some gaps in your reports . . . redouble your vigilance!"

"We'll get there, we'll get there! Don't get excited . . . if there are any results to get, M. Alfred will get them!"

Julie came home one evening with eyes so brilliant with joy that poor Cyprien, wounded to the quick, welcomed her with no little irritation.

"I forgive you your bad manners," she told him generously. "You work too hard, darling, and it makes you nervous. But I *would* like to know what would please you; when I'm sad, you complain—when I am gay, you complain even more. . . ."

"That's just it . . . you're *too* gay! And I can't help wondering exactly why you are so gay, so suddenly."

There was a little silence; then Julie said hesitantly; "I'd like to tell you . . . but will you believe me?"

"Go on."

"Well, it's just this; You know, darling, that I'm a little bit of a flirt —oh, it's no crime! I love you with all my heart, and it is because I love you that I want to be admired by other men—to have them find me desirable, so that you will be prouder of me, Cyprien. All women are like that, and it's silly to say they aren't. Well, the way things were until just recently, I might as well have worn a placard with 'I love my husband' written on it. Men paid no more attention to me than as though I had been an idiot or a freak . . . perhaps it was because they admired you so much that they dared not. . . . Shall I go on?"

"Go on."

"Well, about a fortnight ago, the spell was broken! I have a suitor, darling, a beau at last! If you only knew how amusing it is . . . of course, he's not a very dazzling Romeo. You'd be sorry for him if you saw him—he's a rather pathetic creature. But he follows me everywhere I go . . . when I'm shopping, he waits outside the door until I come out, like a faithful dog. Of course, he never dares speak a word to me, he only worships from afar as though I were his idol—imagine! He probably writes poetry to me when he can't see me . . . you're not angry?

"If you could see him! He has the saddest mustache, and he wears yellow gloves and carries a cane with a monkey's head on it. And he follows me through rain and snow until sometimes he has mud up to his ankles—but his devotion never falters. When I'm having tea, I say to myself; 'He will be outside the door, dreaming of me, waiting for me'; and when I go out, there he is!" Julie paused, reminiscently. . . . "I lead him a pretty brisk chase sometimes; and if he thinks he's going to lose sight of me, he has the most desperate look and simply pushes people over to catch up with me again. . . .

"Darling, I can't help it if it flatters me. I'm not above a little weakness, you know . . . but there's no harm in what I'm doing. I just wanted a little romance to feed my vanity, to give me back my own self-confidence; now I have it, and I'm happy. Are you angry with me, Cyprien?"

She waited wistfully for her husband to speak; and Cyprien took her in his arms.

"Angry with you, my angel?" he cried. "I adore you!"

The next day, Boizillon paid a brief visit to the detective agency, and asked to see M. Alfred. He gave him a *louis*, and said;

"I am entirely satisfied with your services; in fact, I should like to make arrangements at once to engage you exclusively for the next six months!"

Gargle with full strength Listerine night and morning, especially during winter. It inhibits the development of sore throat and checks it should it develop.

Office workers . . . travellers

Targets for Sore Throat

YOU people who work in offices or travel during the winter are among sore throat's easiest victims.

Constantly present in even normal mouths are millions of disease germs. The most common are those of colds, sore throat, and influenza.

When, for any reason, body resistance is lowered, nature no longer is able to withstand their attacks. They get the upper hand, causing disease.

And people who work in offices or travel constantly are called upon to meet conditions that weaken body resistance—overheated rooms, poor air, sudden changes of temperature, over exposure to bad weather, and contacts with people in crowded cars, trains and buses.

To prevent colds

Physicians say that most colds are caused when germs are transferred from the hands to food which then enters the mouth. They advise rinsing the hands with a little undiluted Listerine before each meal, as a preventive.

At the first sign of trouble, gargle with full strength Listerine and keep it up systematically. Also, consult your doctor. Listerine checks colds and sore throat because it destroys the germs that cause them. **Though absolutely safe to use full strength, it is fatal to germs—kills even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless prepared to prove it to the complete satisfaction of the medical profession and U. S. government.**

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy in home and office. Tuck one in your bag when traveling. It may save you a siege of illness. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

kills 200,000,000 *germs in 15 seconds*

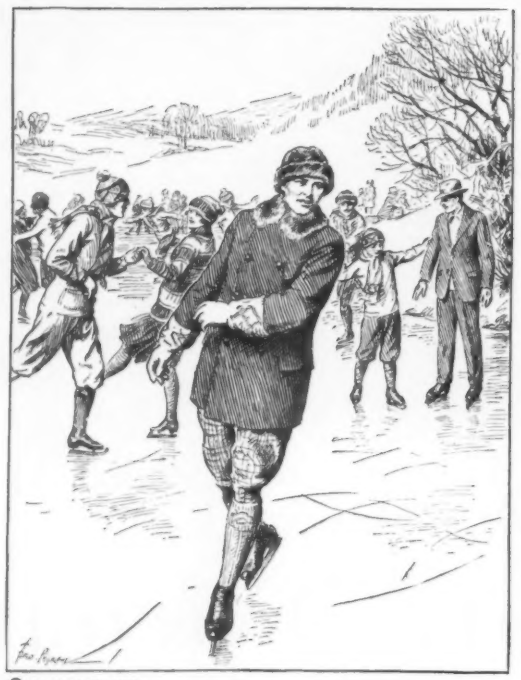
ESTABLISHED 1818.

Brooks Brothers,

CLOTHING,

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK



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Outfits for Winter Sport

"Christmas Suggestions" and Illustrated Circular on Request

OUR PALM BEACH BRANCH REOPENS IN DECEMBER

BRANCH STORES
BOSTON
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET
NEWPORT PALM BEACH

A Handbook of Practical Politeness

(Continued from page 57)

be attempted only by the determined. It is related that King Edward, when entertaining the Shah of Persia, observed that the King of Kings ate his asparagus at the wrong end, leaving upon the plate the soft and sodden bits, munching in his great brown jaw the firm and wooden portions near the root. It was impossible to explain to the Shah, (who was a deaf man and extremely cross, and at that ignorant of all but the Persian language,) that it was an endearing habit among the English to eat the tips of asparagus only, leaving the white and wooden portions behind. Nasr-ud-Din was not a man to whom one could indicate such solecisms. And thus the Prince of Wales, (for he was then Prince of Wales) also, to the amazed admiration of his court, gnawed at the root ends of his asparagus. It was by touches such as these that he earned for himself the title of the First Gentleman of Europe,—a title for which, were it not for the essential kindliness of the man, it might be difficult to account. We are not ourselves very likely to be obliged to adopt such exquisite consideration in the face of Imperial ineptitude. But there do occur even in every day life occasions on which we can spare people embarrassment by repeating their mistakes. Most of us, I trust, would, if entertaining the Afghan Minister of Commerce, be prepared if Ayatullah Khan employed a spoon for his mutton, also to scoop at our mutton with a spoon. Such a gesture would be but minimum civility. It is however rather in the form of pronunciation or errors of grammar that uncertain guests may embarrass their hosts by a desire not to humiliate or correct. What is one to do, for instance, if a guest pronounces the name of the French Prime Minister as Poyncarry? It would be affected to repeat this erroneous version: it would imply a correction to follow with the ordinary pronunciation; it would require great agility to avoid mentioning the name at all. The best solution in such circumstances is to create a diversion. Or alternatively one can say nothing at all.

I should like to be thought a polite man. I have no desire, however, to be credited with exquisite manners. But between me and civility stands a barrier. I am constitutionally unable to recognize people except by their voices. This is due largely to extreme short sight. Whatever the cause of my disability, its effects are disastrous. I have so frequently been embarrassed by greeting people whom I do not know that I fall into habits of cutting the people I do. This comes from nervousness. I enter a restaurant with averted face, not wishing to catch the eye of those whom I may or may not know, but whom I shall quite certainly fail to recognize. Much indignation is caused by this procedure. But it is pity which I should arouse and not resentment. And when I hear their voices, then my memory wakens, and I am glad and welcoming enough. Only there are so few people who, when you have cut them deliberately, are prepared to hail one by one's name. The rage aroused by my unrealized affliction is stilled in the clouds of silence. They do not speak.

And yet on the whole it is an advantage. There are too many people in the world. It is not wholly a loss if one can diminish their number by an appearance, for it is only an appearance, of ill manners. And then the surprise, the pleased surprise if I do happen, because she has a leather hat with red in it, to recognize a person whom I know. I am pleased. She is pleased. The rewards of my blindness are a compensation for its penalties. And then one can, when feeling energetic, fill in the gaps in one's popularity by being kind. That, after all, is the last resort. And that, after all, is the foundation of all politeness.

Ladies-or-Tigers of the Drama

(Continued from page 52)

in flitting to and fro among the ages. Mr. Harry Rosenthal's sententious pianist in *June Moon* causes you to wish that you, too, were witty, high-minded and musical. Nevertheless you are satisfied to sit in the parquets and be glad that you are not them, to say nothing of *Hamlet* or the romantic milkman in *Street Scene*. That may be one of the Drama's secrets of success.

There is an excuse for the mean attitude of theatre-goers towards the marionettes. The Drama's fundamental appeal is to eavesdropping, an ignoble habit conducive to cynicism. It asks us to intrude upon the most sacred privacies, to spy on lovers' assignations, to peep through key-holes, to read letters not intended for our eyes. At its dubious invitations we go unbidden to dinner-parties and listen to scandal not intended for our ears. It permits us to desecrate the sanctity of sweethearts' kisses, and to enter bedrooms where we have no right to be. No man in the Drama can betray his best friend's wife unless he does so in front of a paying public. No woman in the Drama can exert her weaknesses upon the stronger sex with the secrecy she might enjoy in private life. So we are not in our finest mood when we go to the Broadway hippodromes and coliseums. "The Theatre," says Mr. Heywood Broun, one of the mellowest and most sagacious of the drama critics, "rots the mind!"

Studebaker Commander Eight Brougham, for five . . . six wire wheels and trunk are standard equipment

Go in a Champion! To travel by Studebaker Straight Eight, whether the journey take an hour or a week, is to understand why more people buy Studebaker Eights than any other Eight in the world. Into these velvet-powered Champions, Studebaker has engineered not only matchless comfort and style, but also the speed and staying power which have won the greatest world and international records, plus more American stock car records than all other makes of cars combined. Sales supremacy was inevitable . . . particularly in view of Studebaker's low, One-Profit prices. Studebaker Eights cost no more to own or to operate!

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions

PHOTO BY ROCK MONTGOMERY

the note of gracious conviviality

When you serve this sparkling juice of ripe Golden Russet Apples the occasion quite naturally becomes a bit ceremonious. The corpulent bottle, properly chilled, and perspiring freely, in a manner to warm the heart. The wine-cork popping ceilingward in the most festive way. An occasion for champagne glasses! The coupon below is just in case your grocer doesn't have Duffy-Mott Sparkling Golden Russet Cider.

DUFFY-MOTT CO., INC., 502 West 25th St., NEW YORK CITY

Please send me express collect ☐ a case of 24 pints of Duffy-Mott Sparkling Golden Russet Cider, $9.25 enclosed or ☐ four pints, $1.80 or ☐ one dozen quarts, $9.25 or ☐ 3 quarts, $2.50.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

Kindly state your grocer's name here_____

The Command Original Two Bid

(Continued from page 59)

2.—The Assisting Response:

Because the original bid of Two may have been made in a four card suit, it is not advisable for a partner to assist in the trump suit (on the first round of bidding) with only three small trumps. But when holding four of the suit, or three to a Queen, and *one* assisting trick, raise *once*.

This assisting trick may consist of an Ace, a King-Queen, two guarded Kings, a guarded King and Queen in different suits, or it may consist in the ability to ruff a missing suit, or a singleton.

If the partner has opened with Two Spades, and you hold:

Spades	x. x. x. x.
Hearts	K. x. x.
Diamonds	K. x. x.
Clubs	x. x. x.

bid Three Spades.

With *two* sure tricks raise the suit bid *twice*.

3.—The Free Denial Response:

Lacking trump support the partner must respond to a Two Bid with a bid of any other suit in which he holds five cards to at least a Queen, and at least a side King—or any five card suit to an Ace or King-Queen. If the partner has opened with Two Spades, and you hold:

Spades	x. x.
Hearts	Q. J. x. x. x.
Diamonds	K. x. x.
Clubs	x. x. x.

bid Three Hearts.

Sometimes a hand is very close to the border line. The other day my partner opened the bidding with Two Diamonds. I held:

Spades	K. x. x. x. x.
Hearts	x. x.
Diamonds	Q. x.
Clubs	x. x. x. x.

I debated whether to bid Two No Trumps, to show a hand lacking one Honor trick, but fortunately I decided that the Queen of Diamonds, though unguarded, was worth half a trick because of my partner's bid. I responded with Two Spades.

My partner held:

Spades	A. x. x. x.
Hearts	K. Q.
Diamonds	A. K. x. x. x.
Clubs	K. Q.

and bid Four Spades—and we romped home.

Lacking trump support and having no legitimate suit bid, but with a hand containing one Honour trick divided over two other suits or, preferably, over three other suits, the partner should bid *Three* No Trumps. For instance, holding:

Spades	x. x. x.
Hearts	K. x. x.
Diamonds	K. x. x.
Clubs	J. 10. x. x.

after a Two Spade bid from partner, bid *Three* No Trumps, recalling that Two would mean a hand containing less than one Honour trick.

Whether responding with a suit or a No Trump bid, with more than two Honour tricks, jump the bid for a slam signal. The subsequent bidding of the original bidder always depends upon his type of hand, and the inferences to be drawn from his partner's response. Unless the partner has shown absolute weakness by a response of Two No Trumps, there should be no difficulty in gleaning a general idea of his Honour cards and the distribution of his suits.

Evidence is everywhere growing to prove that the Command Original Two Bid in a suit is spreading wherever Contract is played. It is advocated and used by experts, its application is simple, and it requires only a little use to convince even the average player of its soundness and practicability.

Up to Cal

(Continued from page 66)

Life is a pretty funny proposition.

While I was working in the fish market I met and married the lady who became my wife. We liked each other, and soon became friends. Today she calls me by my first name.

From counting fish to counting votes was naturally but a step. In the course of time I was elected Governor of the State. Later I was nominated for the Presidency of the United States, a position of responsibility and trust.

Never kiss a buzz-saw.

At the conclusion of my campaign, I counted the votes that had been cast and found that my opponent had received more votes than I had. I took this to mean that it was not best that I should be President, and so I sent a telegram to the other candidate, giving him the election instead of myself. I did not choose to run second.

It was therefore my privilege, after serving my country so many years, to retire voluntarily from the greatest experience that could have come to mortal man. In that way, I believed I could best serve the people and the country which I love.

Arbor day is the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November.

As I look back on the path that led from humble origins to high places, I am convinced of the old truth of my Grandfather Galusha that "lives of great men oft remind us, we can make our own sublime." Provided, of course, we write it ourself.

SERVICE

In the Ford Motor Company we emphasize service equally with sales ϒ It has always been our belief that a sale does not complete the transaction between us and the buyer, but establishes a new obligation on us to see that his car gives him service ϒ We are as much interested in your economical operation of the car as you are in our economical manufacture of it ϒ This is only good business on our part ϒ If our car gives service, sales will take care of themselves ϒ For that reason we have installed a system of controlled service to take care of all Ford car needs in an economical and approved manner ϒ We wish all users of Ford cars to know what they are entitled to in this respect, so that they may readily avail themselves of this service.

FROM the very earliest beginning, SERVICE has been the cornerstone of the Ford business.

Far back in 1908, when the first Model T Fords were made, there were few people who understood the operation of an automobile and fewer places to which the purchaser might turn for help when repairs were needed.

Frequently in those days, Mr. Ford would deliver the car personally to the new owner and see to it that some arrangements were made to keep it in good running order.

Usually he would find the best mechanic and explain the construction of the car to him. Sometimes, when no such mechanic was available, the town blacksmith would be pressed into service.

Then, as the business grew, capable men were appointed, in a widening circle of towns, to devote their entire time to the care of Ford cars. These men, wherever located, worked under close factory supervision and according to certain set standards.

For just as the Ford Motor Company was the pioneer in the making of "a strong, simple, satisfactory automobile at a low price," so it was also the pioneer in establishing complete and satisfactory service facilities.

For the first time in the automobile business it became possible for the purchaser of a car to buy parts quickly and readily and to have repairs made at a reasonable cost. Where formerly it had been the accepted practice to charge the highest possible prices for these repairs, a new policy was instituted for the protection of the owner. The unusual character of Ford Service was soon recognized as one of the outstanding features of the car.

Today there are more than 8000 Ford dealers in the United States alone, with thousands of others located throughout the world. Their mechanics have been trained in special schools conducted by the Ford Motor Company and they have been equipped with all the latest service machinery. The well-ordered cleanliness of the shops and salesrooms and the uniform courtesy of all dealer employees are particularly appreciated by the woman motorist.

Wherever you live, or wherever you go, you will find the Ford dealer prompt and businesslike in his work, fair in his charges, and sincerely eager to do a good and thorough job at all times.

His constant effort is to relieve you of every detail in the care of your car and to help you get thousands upon thousands of miles of satisfactory, enjoyable motoring at a very low cost per mile.

That is the purpose for which the Ford car was designed and built. That is the true meaning of *Ford Service.*

Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

Mt. Rock Fleece
OVERCOATS

In terms of smart, correct styling, of faultless tailoring, and of unique wearing qualities, Mt. Rock Fleece Overcoats offer to well-dressed men the greatest clothing value in America.

Sold in the best men's shops everywhere

$50

ADLER·ROCHESTER
Clothes

LEVY BROS. & ADLER-ROCHESTER, INC.
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ROCHESTER, LOS ANGELES

The New Persecution

(Continued from page 31)

of the teacher means the enslavement of the taught.

Education may be merely spiritual kidnapping. As a mode of propaganda it is perhaps less moral, and certainly less manly, than any of the old religious wars. It is more dignified to enforce our ideas by fighting battles than by stealing babies; and modern compulsory education is only stealing babies on a large scale. It might be covered by the title of the amusing American novel which was called *Other People's Children:* and the experiment already shows some signs of being a failure, as it was in the novel.

I cannot feel that the whole business exactly shines with a sense of honour. We seem to have taken a multitude of helpless infants away from their natural protectors, on the plea that it was mortally necessary for them to learn the A B C. Having thus got them under lock and key, we have sat down to think about things in general, and our minds have undergone an expansion and exaltation on the subject of the A B C. The educationists have taken pupils on the plea of teaching them reading and writing and subjected them to all the tests of psychology; which is quite as unreasonable and absurd as if a priest had been permitted to teach them the Gospel, and then subjected them to the tortures of the Inquisition. On the whole, I confess I have more respect for the old thing called conversion than the new thing called education. Education is the conversion of somebody who cannot hit you back.

It is imposing your precious progressive notions on a child who may accept them as novelties, and not on a grown-up person who will know that they are nonsense. But the purpose of this article is not to suggest any such personal point of view. It is merely to point out a legal and logical fact, very large and obvious but incredibly ignored. It is the fact that the combination of the two enthusiasms, one for everybody being sent to school, and the other for everything being taught in school, must between them mean a huge and unheard-of power being surrendered to the State school and therefore to the State.

I use the terms incredible and unheard-of and yet, strangely enough, it is not so. We have all heard of the conclusion of this matter; and we can all believe it, since we have seen it. There has already been a powerful and highly organized society which pursued to its end the very path along which we are thus advancing, and did very thoroughly what we are doing more and more. It gathered all the new sciences under the name of education, and gathered education under the name of government. It made every art or sport an educational department, and every educational department a government department. It carried to perfection the principle which proposes, not only to teach everybody, but to teach everybody everything. And those who seek it may find it, at the foot of that high precipice of pride where lie the broken bones of Prussia.

The Art of Selling Art

(Continued from page 34)

good connoisseurs. But the majority are amateurs and speculate on accidents.

In the last few years important Berlin firms have markedly increased the quality of their objects and invested large sums in stock. The limit of the attainable is almost reached. The essential restriction is due to the retrospective direction of the demand. Every great Paris dealer has, beside the works of the past, the present with him also. As old Durand-Ruel had (besides Corot, Delacroix, etc.), Manet, Renoir and Monet, Vollard had his Cézannes and Gauguins; the Bernheims, Paul Rosenberg, Guillaume, had their impressionists, their Bonnards, Picassos, Braques, Segonzacs, Derains and many others. And they haven't had these younger painters only since they became famous—and expensive. This is the kernel of the problem. The German dealer thinks of art, not of the artist. A young painter must make something of himself with the Germans, dining and dancing with rich people and losing his time over the intrigues of the exhibitions and museums. But in Paris the dealer *makes* him, particularly the small dealer. The big ones take him up only after a shorter or longer preparation. Every artist who is anybody, or might be, finds his manager. This mustn't be taken as idealism. The young painter delivers the goods under severe conditions. He receives the price for his materials plus his necessary expenses. All artists begin in this way. The small dealers have small customers, the large dealers large ones. The artist grows slowly and dealers and purchasers grow with him.

In Germany, an artist only begins to exist when he's a little god,—and then they make him a Professor. As modest prices are considered undignified, the German artist prefers not to sell at all and piles up pictures in his studio. This difference is significant.

The German trade can at present less than ever do without domestic production, if it wishes to attain a reasonable balance. I would be the last to object to the imports from France, but we are discussing trade, not art. Does anyone think it possible to keep up with the increase of the French prices, which are still far from reaching their highest level; and will the business pay much longer in view of the enormous competition? Even the works of long recognized German masters, with the exception of Liebermann, are seldom met with in the trade; partly because their material has been absorbed by the many German museums, partly because even important artists like the deceased Corinth have given way to the French painters of the present day. Only a few of the many dealers are interested in the still unclassified German painters. To gain international recognition of German art is the problem, in Germany, of the future. It is perhaps not insoluble.

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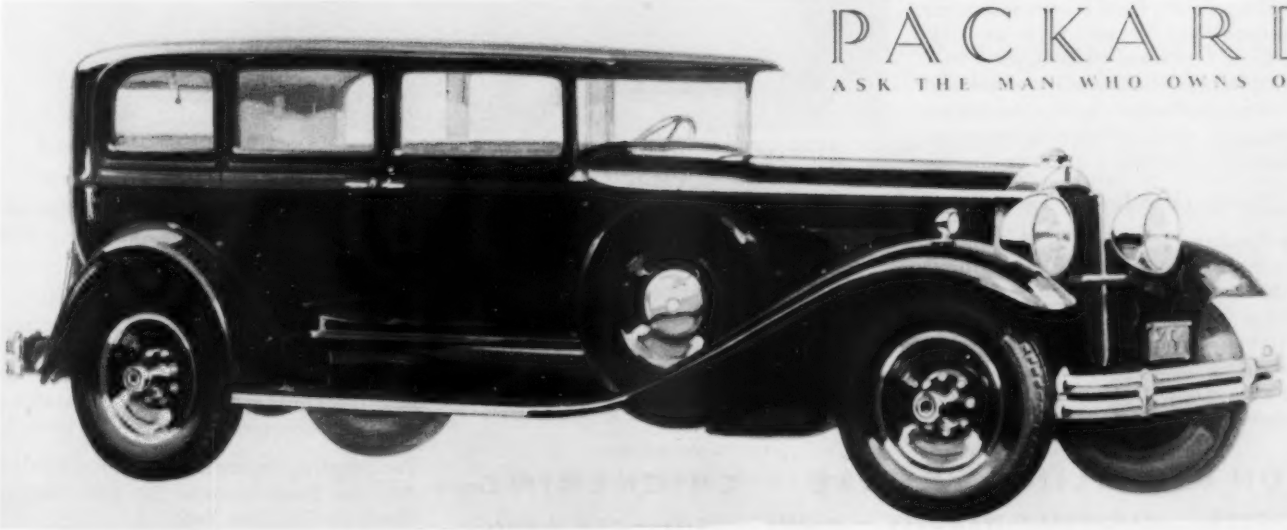

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French Line

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Unbuttoned Americans—and Others

(Continued from page 48)

enclose a letter. This will be the usual maternal mixture of shock and reproof; of wonder as to his progress in poesy—or is it interior decorating that claims him?—and of mild admonition tiptoeing cautiously, and with flattering reluctance, into the realm of moral considerations.

To receive such a letter is the confirmation of true emancipation, the paradoxical encouragement needed to bolster up youthful rebellion. Fortunately, unbuttoned Americans are at least as numerous in France as they are in the United States; whence, above the mounting pile of saucers, under the watchful eye of a waiter who looks like H. G. Wells, arises the chorus gently pitying the brethren in the "old country" (now on the western side of the Atlantic), deprecating business hours, whatever they be, and discussing with mild patronage that quaint remnant, the family.

Je m'en foutisme—to revert to our severe terminology—pervades all the activities of the nation, and thereby exerts a wholesome influence on whoever is exposed to it, however casually. The solid American business man whom the proverbial wild horses could not keep in bed after seven in the morning, receives a profitable shock every time he wishes to take a French train. His high blood-pressure on crossing the *Place St. Augustin* after the policeman has blown his whistle and the autos keep coming, is most salutary. But he really graduates from the university of stiff shocks when he tries to put through a phone-call or buy a 50-centime stamp. The fact that the clerk at the next window (marked *Mandats-Poste*) is occupied, to the exclusion of all other business, in whistling "Ramona" only emphasizes the democratic prevalence of the national philosophy.

Our brisk, efficient leader of the clothes-pin industry in Akron dismisses "Ramona" with a glance, and asks, at the stamp window, for his 50-centime stamp; but he must wait until the clerk at the stamp-window has finished his lunch. That interesting ceremony takes almost two hours, and no amount of slogans, bonuses, advertising, time-clocks, or Bible verses will reduce the traditional lapse of time.

As a barber, mistaking me for an American, made it clear when I entered his shop around twelve-thirty, "One must work, it is true, but also one must eat; now, one does not eat in order to work, one works in order to eat." With which Euclidian irrefutability he put on his hat and, departing with an air of righteousness, left me to contemplate the empty chairs in the basement of Florentin's.

It will not do to deny that love of good food is a traditional character of the French, but it would be an interesting point for historians to determine whether originally, the French used their time to fill up on food, or the food to fill up their time.

But to return to our pillar of society—the post office clerk: *il s'en fout, et royalement!* Still, he is not altogether useless. Trains run, and in spite of much apparent slackness, letters get delivered. A proof is to be found in the fact that when the Post, Telephone, and Telegraph employees struck, some years ago, the resulting confusion was distinctly noticeable. Of course, being government employees, they had no right to strike, but a Machiavelli in their midst discovered a rule whereby every postcard sent through the mails must be read, to prevent the dissemination of obscene or libelous matter. Our united *je m'en foutistes*, therefore, assiduously read every postcard mailed throughout France and so quickly piled up mountains of other mail that the government granted their demands. Which only goes to show what the concentrated efforts of Frenchmen can do.

In the face of this mode of life, the American business man resists, storms, fumes, makes himself more than usually unpleasant to his family. But soon, if he only stays long enough in the country, he succumbs. The next thing he or any one else knows, he becomes a convert. And then, Enter Romance.

The creaky, musty Charles X Hotel where he resides, *rue des Mathurins* (half-way between Cook's and the American Express) becomes, for him, a "quaint old Restoration mansion." The garrulous female proprietor is, no doubt, an ill-circumstanced *dame de la bourgeoisie*. All of which may not be true, but is certainly interesting.

Gradually, the most inveterate Hoosier Rotarian ceases to ask for corn on the cob and goes in with both weapons brandished for *gigot* and *flageolets*. If he travels at all, he points with almost personal pride to the good roads, the frequent, correct and legible sign posts; the clean look of villages and countryside, the friendliness and good-will of strangers.

And, by that time, he has arrived at the other aspect of the nonchalant *je m'en foutiste* attitude. So long as he treated the French individual briskly, as an object, a servant, or a cog in the machine, he evoked only a cog-like response. With remarkable logic, the French mind supposes it in the nature of things that a cog should do as little as possible—should be driven. But as soon as the individual is appealed to, he beams, expands, and confides in you; he is ready to overwhelm you with attentions.

Je m'en foutisme, then, is a defense against the world, the world that includes the tourist and the stranger, at the same time as it is a defense against being merged in the common herd. Apart from what it does for the individual's own enjoyment, it is an entity, an event in itself—like the traffic tangle of the *Place de l'Opéra*, which untangles itself with the divine assistance of Parisian profanity, and "gets you there" faster than if you were being driven through New York by an exceedingly well-bred Mr. Moses Izvolzky—No. 508,624.

But, alas, the charm and the efficacy of this philosophy of *je m'en foutisme* is something that can never be entirely understood or achieved by the visiting or even the resident American, be he buttoned or unbuttoned. And I say this with the greatest regard for my good American friends who make Montparnasse such a picturesque corner—one that Parisians, no doubt, love to visit.

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The Shadow and the Bone

(Continued from page 47)

sociates, and Slogan and Associates, whose offices were spotted with white cards that flamed red-lettered exhortations to their staff to "Do It Now", answered sixteen days later that they had purchased the picture in question from a photographer in Blackfriars Road.

That day, during his lunch-hour, to Blackfriars Road he went, heartened on his journey by many a sight of the world's essence of beauty. But at Blackfriars Road he learned that the photographer had left there some time ago, and was to be found at an address in Camden Town. He devoted the evening to the Camden Town journey, found the photographer at home, and, again using fiction out of its true purpose of entertainment, announced that he was connected with a West End theatre which sought to dress its new show with London's Loveliest Chorus, and that the lady of the cigarette-poster had caught the manager's eye. Where could she be found?

The photographer, whom I will call Bert Stude (because his name was nothing like that) was an affable and unaffected young man, although he wore a velvet coat and silken hair and the rest of the make-up which marks the camera-artist from the common artist. He received his visitor with a friendly and honest smile. And after the smile he said "Blimey!" And then: "Blimey—now you've done me. I took that picture—lemme see—coupler years ago. Friend o' mine—City man—brought her along. I only dug it out about three months ago. Occurred to me that it might suit the Poo-Jah cigarette people. They was using girls just then. So I bunged it along to my agents. They took it like a shot. Nice price, too. But where she is now—ah! One thing I can tell you. She *used* to live at Kensington—89, Grummant Road. Whether she's there now. . . . Might be, o' course. Might not. Still, it's worth trying. Nice girl, she was. Iris Lone was her name."

So the next night he put on his best suit and his best hat, which made him look slightly ridiculous, and went to Grummant Road, which is not one of the best roads of Kensington. He knocked at the door of the house to which he had been directed, and when it was answered he took off his ridiculous hat, and asked for Miss Iris Lone. The agreeable person who answered the door told him that Mrs. Lone and her daughter had lived there as paying-guests, but had left a year ago. When he asked if the agreeable person knew the address to which they had moved, she said she did not; and when he pressed for clues she had none to give, save that Mrs. Lone had had an account at the local branch of the Imperial Bank, whose manager would surely know her present address.

So the next day, by an unconvincing excuse of illness, he contrived to leave the office after lunch, and reach the Kensington branch of the Imperial Bank before closing-time. He asked to see the manager, and after some minutes spent in a glass cage, he was conducted to the manager's desk, and asked for the present address of a client of his, Mrs. Lone. My friends need not be troubled with his adventures in this office, for we are all aware that there are two things which can seldom be extracted from bank managers, and the other one is information. The manager fixed his eyes on the ridiculous hat, and while his lips said that he regretted that his position debarred him from giving information concerning his clients, his eyes sang loudly: "Where *did* you get that hat?"

So the ridiculous hat went away, and went back to Grummant Road, Kensington, and knocked again at the house that had once sheltered the world's beauty. This time our young man made a rapid pass of his hand to the hand of the agreeable person who answered the door, and besought her to ransack her memory for some clue to the present whereabouts of Mrs. Lone. Whereupon the agreeable person recalled that Mrs. Lone had removed her goods to an address unknown by the aid of a firm of furniture removers whose premises were to be found in a street near Olympia.

Well, the young man went from Grummant Road to the premises of the furniture removers, and there, in the cause of romance, which is the world's first and best lie, he lied again. He represented himself as a nephew of the family returned from the colonies—to which the ridiculous hat was confirmation—and begged them to search their records for the address to which the family moved.

Very courteously—being a commercial house—they searched their records; and within twenty minutes they gave him the new address of the family. The new address of beauty. The address where he might see glory and loveliness face to face. They remarked on the address. They said that families often moved from that place to Kensington, in the natural course of progress, but seldom from Kensington to that place.

"What place?" said our young man.

"That place," they said, indicating the paper which, such was his excitement, he had not even looked at.

When he looked at it, although, in company, he was a young man of sober deportment, he said "Good God!" The address was 16 Jasmine Terrace Poplar. His own address was 22 Jasmine Terrace Poplar. For the last twelve months she had been living in his own street. There would be no need for him to battle round the world in quest of beauty. She was in his own street.

Which is where (said Ho Ling, reaching for the jar of rice-spirit) beauty always lives.

At least (he added, reaching for a glass) so they tell me. But he never saw her beauty again, for he married her, and spent his life in looking for more advertisement-posters.

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INVESTMENT SECURITIES

The Silence That Told a Tale

(Continued from page 61)

and would perhaps not want his name to be known in this connection. X—— was a good-looking boy, intelligent and, I thought, rather wilful. I was not unaware that he was very much attracted by the Duchess; before the war, they had been seen constantly together, and he was not very skilful in concealing his admiration. I learned now that he had convalescent leave on the *Côte d'Azur*, and that he had arranged to spend it with Mme. de Villeréal—a natural and pleasant decision, since she had also staying with her an elderly Englishwoman, a friend of hers, who acted as chaperone.

"X—— did not seem greatly pleased to see me. He knew that I was an old friend of the Duchess's, and since he was of a jealous nature, the presence of another man near her was not too agreeable to him. We all had tea together . . . and I found her the same brilliant woman I had always known—sparkling, witty, playing with words and ideas with the graceful, enchanting ease which became her so well. No shadow of embarrassment, not one false note, not one look or inflection that might lead me to suspect that her relations with X—— had reached a more than friendly stage. He, on the contrary, was nervous; he insisted repeatedly on explaining his presence at Tamaris, on assuring me that he would be there only three days. I considered this unnecessary and ill-timed, for I had no right to explanations, and did not ask any. He was there; I was there, too. There was nothing further to add. But he went on talking, and talked a little too much, a little too sharply . . . or else, he fell abruptly silent. In short, he had all the symptoms of a man who finds himself in an unusual situation, and who is not adroit enough to carry it off gracefully.

"I found it pleasant, nevertheless—this hour around the tea-table in an atmosphere of such charm. Fresh from Verdun, my ears were still ringing with the incessant din of bursting shells . . . but now, I forgot all that. Was there a war? Had I just come out of that roaring furnace? Would I go back into it tomorrow? I resolved not to think of it, for I was more pleasantly occupied in solving a problem of psychology in love—a problem with which my curiosity was at that moment tremendously engaged.

"Dinner, and the evening which followed, were equally agreeable. In spite of my weariness, I carried on a lively conversation with the Duchess—a little too lively, perhaps, for I noticed that X—— looked faintly annoyed. Before eleven o'clock, he went to bed, and I asked permission to retire as well.

"'But we are all going to bed,' cried Mme. de Villeréal. 'We never stay up late. Mr. X—— is convalescing, and I must be at the hospital at eight o'clock in the morning.'

"We said good-night in the corridor, and went to our rooms. The Duchess's suite was in one wing of the villa; my room was at the other end of the house, opposite the one occupied by X——. Nearby, was an elaborately equipped bathroom.

"Without delay, I stretched myself luxuriously between sheets whose fineness seemed heavenly to me. A warm, southwest wind had risen . . . . I was a little feverish, and in the langour which slowly enveloped me, the muttering of the wind sounded like the rumbling of heavy artillery. I began, confusedly, to dream of guns, of the trenches. . . . Suddenly—was I asleep?—I sat erect. I had heard a door bang in the corridor. Someone, I reflected, was returning to his room. . . . No, the door banged again.

"I could not go to sleep again. I kept thinking about that door, left open, probably, by some careless servant and blown this way and that by the prowling wind. Why did no one rouse himself to close it? Evidently, it bothered no one except me. After what seemed an endless interval of waiting I decided to get up and close it myself. I switched on the light, and saw by my watch that it was a little past midnight. Pulling my dressing-gown around me, I went into the corridor.

"I had not far to go. The banging door was that of the room occupied by X—— opposite my own. The room was lighted, and I quickly saw that X—— was not in it. From a feeling of delicacy, I refrained from looking to see if the bed had been slept in, and contented myself with carefully closing the door, and going back to my room.

"But I had something to think about. Where was X——? In the bathroom, or . . . in the Duchess's room?

"I knew that I should have only a few moments to wait until the question would be decided for me. If X—— did not return immediately, he was certainly in the other wing with Mme. de Villeréal.

"Yes, I had only to wait. . . . Well, think of me what you will, I did not wait. I don't know which was strongest in me, fatigue or the intolerable feeling of spying on someone else. I could not, somehow, see myself with my ear glued to the door like a servant, listening for a footfall on the carpet, intruding furtively upon a secret which was not mine. . . . I did not wait."

"But your story is tantalizing!" protested our hostess. "You leave us in the air. *I* think you might have had a little more curiosity, my friend!"

Antoine Cély smiled briefly. "Ah," he said, "the poor Duchess is dead. Let her keep her secret safely . . . and let us occupy ourselves with the living."

A thoughtful silence fell upon us. We were all absorbed in our own thoughts, and—I knew—we were all thinking the same thing. Antoine Cély had told his story well, and it was decent of him to respect the Duchess's secret. But there was a kind of melancholy in such wasted gallantry . . . for there was not one of us who did not know the real reason why he had not listened for footfalls outside his door. It had been a rumour . . . a tale . . . a part of the dramatic conjecture of which the legend of Mme. de Villeréal was woven. Now, alas, it had been confirmed by Antoine Cély himself, by the very fact of his reticence.

But none of who were there that night, at Mme. W——'s, ever spoke of it—not even to each other. The Duchess was a great lady, and she is dead. If Antoine Cély guarded her secret . . . so shall we.

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Petrolini, an Acting Genius

(Continued from page 54)

do I get any solid satisfaction from mere efficiency of dramatic craftsmanship or from mere well-trained excellence of team-work. Dramatic craftsmanship is something that can be learned; professors give lectures on it; I myself could take a course in dramatics, if I wanted to. And as for team-work—why, if I want to see good team-work, I can go to Buckingham Palace at eleven o'clock any morning of the year and watch the changing of the guard. A Sergeant-Major of Grenadiers can create a more perfect ensemble than any producer. There is a certain pleasure in seeing a group of people functioning together in well-trained harmony. In certain artistic circumstances this pleasure can become intense. Thus, a ballet can be delightful; it can be, in its own sphere, as fundamentally new, as unforeseeable, as much of a work of genius, in a word, as a play, a poem, a symphony. But a play is not the same as a ballet. A play is an affair of human characters; it is only very incidentally pictorial. In a very crude, inadequate way certain psychological ideas can be expressed in terms of pictorial and choreographic symbols. But for all the finer shades of expression only words and the intonations and gestures of the individual actor will serve. The producer is powerless to modify either of these. He cannot change the words of the play, transforming it from a bad play into a good one; and though he can teach the bad actor to be less bad, the competent actor to be more competent, he cannot miraculously turn the bad or the merely competent player into one of those inspired, heaven-sent creatures, like Petrolini or Charlie Chaplin, like Duse or the elder Guitry; one of those extraordinary artists who can re-create reality so as to make it seem incomparably more real than the model they are supposed to be imitating. Nor will twenty second-rate actors trained to the highest pitch of efficiency and working together like a team of foot-ballers succeed in making a bad play tolerable and even admirable, as one actor of extraordinary personality, even though accompanied by nineteen badly trained imbeciles, can always do.

During the last few years all the accessories of drama, by which I mean the scenery, the lighting, the instillation into actors of the team spirit and the team technique, have received an enormous and, it seems to me, exaggerated amount of attention. The old system of having one star and ignoring all the rest has been discredited. All the emphasis has been laid on production. What is the reason for this state of things? To begin with, there has been a great increase in the number of theatres with no corresponding increase in the number of actors of genius. Managements have therefore made a virtue of necessity and preached the superiority of the good all-round performance to the shoddy performance tempered by genius. This doctrine is, of course, entirely in accordance with the current democratic and humanitarian ideology. The fundamental article in the modern creed is that one man is as good as another and that anything that can't be achieved by education can be achieved by spending money on ingenious apparatus.

Theatres are accordingly filled with ingenious apparatus and highly educated actors. With results which, at any rate for me, are disappointing. I go, I admire the scenery, the lighting, the high average level of accomplishment among the actors—admire and, unless the play happens to be stimulatingly good, am bored. For an hour of an actor of genius, I would joyfully sacrifice all the good production, the fine sets, the modern lighting, the meritorious team-work, which are the boast of the "advanced" theatres at the present time. Others may have that; Petrolini is the man for me.

The Captain's Drive

(Continued from page 64)

lenge; and in the meantime, caused diligent inquiry to be made as to where the most efficient partner was to be found. The person recommended to him for this purpose was a poor man, named John Patersone, a shoemaker, who was not only reputed the best golfer of his day, but whose ancestors had been so from time immemorial.

On the matter being explained to him, Patersone was not quite satisfied as to how he should be able to acquit himself in such great company; but, on the Duke encouraging him, he said he would do his best.

The match was played, in which the Duke was, of course, completely victorious; and the shoemaker was dismissed with a reward corresponding to the importance of his service, an equal share of the stake played for.

Golfers are, I am afraid, growing more sophisticated than they used to be. There are not so many of these ceremonies of striking off the first ball as there were when golf in England was a new thing and the opening of each new course a great event. I remember, a long time ago now, when a certain golf course in Wales was quite new and a day was appointed for a photographer to come over to depict its various aspects and the President striking off his ball. There came a hard frost and a fall of snow but still the photographer came and a picture had to be provided for him, in particular one of a mighty sandhill of which we were justly proud. So we all advanced to the sandhill and there, upon the snow-covered sand, the President teed his ball and addressed it. It was true that he was hitting in exactly the wrong direction with a driver out of a bunker. It was also true that we had laid down our skates in the snow and skates are, as a rule, only seen in old Dutch pictures of golf on the ice. But what did that matter? There was the opening shot and there was our best sandhill and I still have that photograph in an old album "to witness if I lie."

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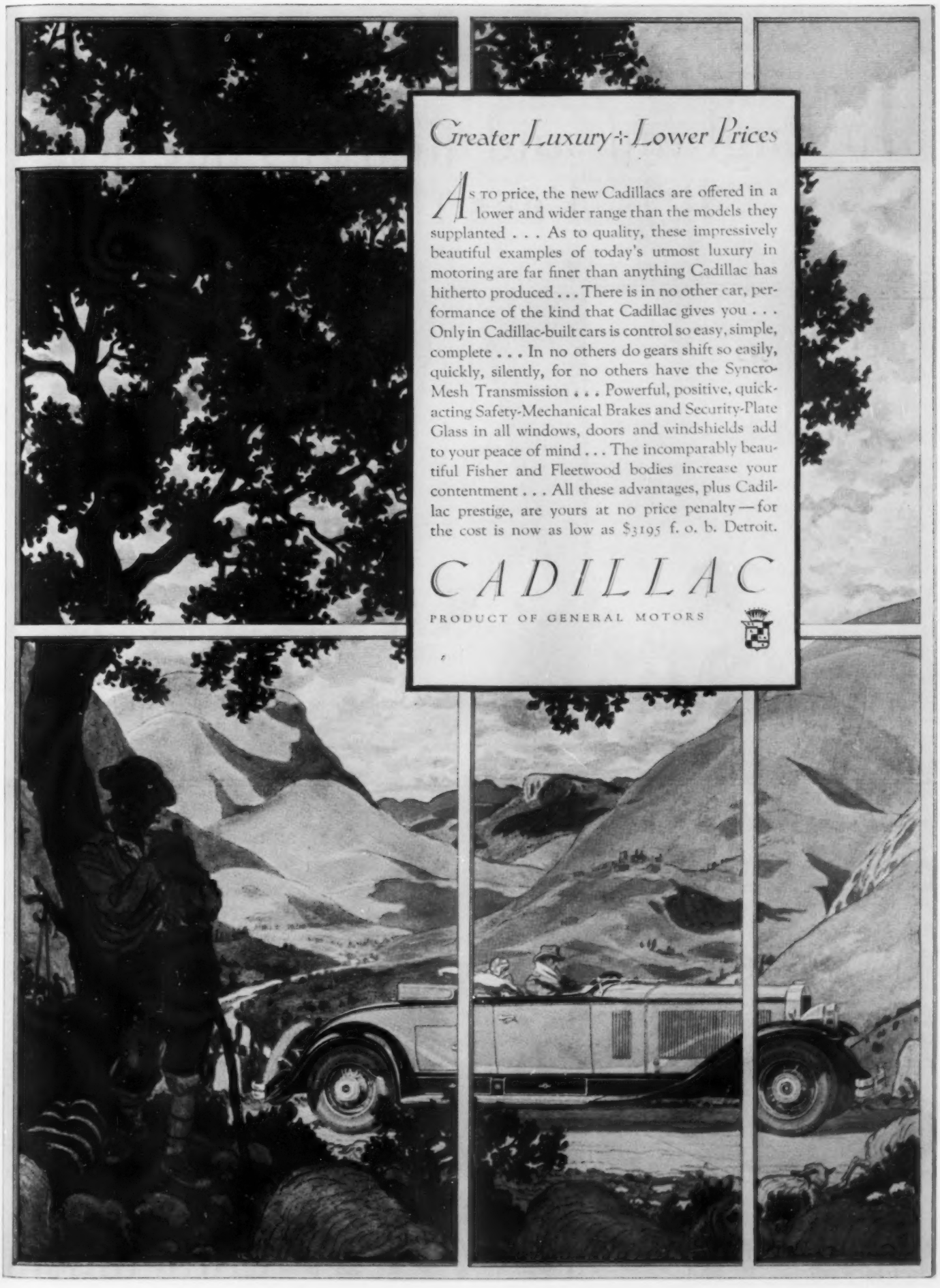

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(Continued from page 33)

securities of American industry had absolutely vanished. In that sense (and a unique sense it is, too) the United States of America went through a bloodless revolution. It ran true to the standard form of revolutions in being based on disillusion and desperation. It was an attack in the strictest sense on the foundations of society. And the revolutionaries were ultimately suppressed: they were bankrupted. By the very act of their revolt (merely that of selling their holdings at any price) they were made powerless. As, too, with all other revolutions, their loyalty was rejected, they were literally forced into revolt. But like the skeletons of dead coral that pile one on another and in a mass anonymity make their totality felt, so the total of this despairing selling raised its head for a terrible hour above the smooth surface of American prosperity and optimism.

But, whatever the beginnings, the end involved the reversal, perhaps the destruction, of several principles inherent in the current American social hierarchy. America is a capitalistic country, but it is unique among capitalistic countries in that the rewards and the responsibilities of its industries have been more and more widely distributed among the small investors. The "big fellows" may retain the key positions but they have made at least a pretense of deferring to the wishes of the thousand small stockholders. The 1929 panic to a large degree eliminated these small people and returned the vast majority of ownership to the professional capitalists and traders. This development alone is absorbingly interesting from the sociological point of view, but there is another and perhaps more vital consequence of the catastrophe. From the beginning of time, in all forms of society, humanity has reposed its faith in the absolute necessity of conservatism. But part of the secret by which America has so magnificently exploited its industrial pre-eminence in the world today has resided in its lack of conservatism in the financial (not the social) sense. The American method has been to use capital two or three times over simultaneously, to keep the ball always in the air, to make capital dynamic, not static.

But the 1929 panic constituted a perfect contradiction of America's belief in the instruments of its prosperity. It was a complete *volte-face.*

But on whose part? Those who recanted, who sold out and are bankrupt, have already been forgotten. Wall Street wants fresh money, fresh optimists. During the hysteria the small investors were left to make of it what they could. No concrete official endorsement of their former belief was anywhere forthcoming. The Morgan gesture was only a gesture. The market was permitted to seek its own level. The stadium of rich, nasty old men, the shell-backed tortoises, mixed with their tears the salty I-told-you-sos.

The "small people" demonstrated again that, together, they can do anything, but in this instance they only ruined one another.

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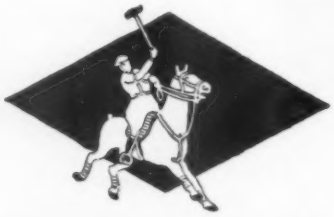

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Oh, Doctor!

(*Continued from page 37*)

neuritis in my right shoulder and sought counsel upon the subject from various big pill and pulse men. Not one hesitated a moment in his diagnosis of my trouble, although the diagnoses had all the variety of an old-time vaudeville bill. One said it was due to sleeping with my right arm under me. I have, since cradle days, slept on my left side. Another said it was due to high acidity, which subsequent tests showed I didn't have. A third, after three months of mystic hocus-pocus involving heat rays, electric pads and muscular massage, insisted that my neuritis was caused by a long Latin word that he somehow didn't seem to feel the need of elucidating to me and for which he announced the only cure was more heat rays, electric pads and muscular massage which, during the previous three months, hadn't done a thing to my neuritis. When I mildly protested, he took off his glasses, eyed me majestically and observed that he could do nothing for me if I didn't whole-heartedly believe in his treatment.

I have a friend who has had hay-fever for thirty years. He has tried dozens of doctors for it and dozens of their cures and he is still watering at the nose and eyes and sneezing as handsomely as thirty years ago. I have another friend who used to get an ear-ache every summer and who, after twelve years of vain trying to learn from doctors what the trouble was and dosing himself up with a hundred and one philtres, finally kicked the last doctor out and relieved himself of his pain by the simple expedient of thinking to put a small piece of ice close to his ear.

When a doctor is at a loss to figure out what is wrong with the average patient he will pretty generally be found falling back on the *clichés*, tobacco, booze, coffee, too much red meat, or "When did you last have your teeth examined?" I myself have paid out a sum of money I hate to think of just to hear one or another item in this venerable catalogue of whangdoodle. Like many another sucker it has cost me good money to be made privy to the esoteric news that it is bad to get one's feet wet, that one ought to eat more fruit, that it is bad to keep one's rooms too hot and that steam heat robs the air of its moisture, that if one has a headache one shouldn't wear a tight hat, that it isn't good to go out immediately after a hot bath, that one shouldn't drink with meals, that during an influenza epidemic one should be careful to keep the bowels in good condition, that deep breathing is to be commended, that a little bi-carbonate of soda in half a glass of water is good for a stomach that doesn't feel just right, that water is the most healthful thing one can drink, that one's bedroom ought to be well aired, and that one thing is certain and that is that you've got to get enough sleep.

That medical progress has in a number of directions in the last quarter of a century been very considerable I am surely not one to deny, but the progress doesn't strike me as having been fully shared by most family doctors. The majority of the latter that I have come into contact with—I wish to except one in whose bad graces I don't want to find myself when I next call up about my lumbago—are still delivering themselves of all the stenciled walla-walla that has been in operation since the days of our grandfathers. Medical science may have succeeded in mastering many hitherto major and occult problems, but the average ills of the average man still elude the ordinary practising medical gentry as they always have. The *MM.* Nicolle and Ricketts have done things about typhus fever, Finsen has done things about tuberculosis of the skin, the Dicks have done things about scarlet fever and other such highly talented investigators have also done nobly in various fields, but old Dr. Jones, the family's friend, is still where he was years ago. True enough, he has added some fancy new words and phrases to his vocabulary, such as *vitamins, proteins, chemotherapy, pituitary gland, foci of infection, puerperal sepsis, preventorium, etc.*, but he still prescribes small doses of codine for a stubborn cough, quinine for a cold in the head or—if quinine causes ringing in your ears—maybe something else with camphor in it, hot-water applications or else an ice-bag for headache, an iron tonic and plenty of spinach for a run-down condition, some kind of rubbing oil for back

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Oh, Doctor!

pains, and the second-latest widely-advertised gargle for sore-throat, the latest, he allows, "not having as yet been carefully investigated by him."

One of the favorite arguments of the average doctor is the tonsils. If you aren't sure, blame it on the tonsils: that seems to be the policy. I have had ten doctors strongly advise me to get rid of my tonsils and ten others urge me as strongly to do nothing of the kind, as they were atrophied anyway. An equal pet is blood-pressure. Nobody's blood-pressure ever seems to be just right: either it is too high or too low. If it is too high, it costs you ten dollars to be told to lay off liquor and if it is too low it costs you ten dollars to be told to lay off tobacco. The suggestion that you'd better also lay off meat in the first instance and eat more meat in the second is sometimes thrown in gratis, although often it takes another ten-spot to buy the extra sliver of wisdom. Then there is exercise. Either you are overdoing it or you are not doing enough of it, depending upon how much news on the subject the doctor has succeeded in slyly hornswoggling out of you. "Exercise is a good thing in moderation, but it mustn't be overdone"—that also puts you back ten smackers. If you are in the habit of playing eighteen holes of golf, cut it down to nine; if nine, raise it to eighteen—no matter how you feel or where the seat of your trouble lies.

Then—people don't drink enough water these days, it appears. It has cost me hundreds of dollars to learn this, although I have always drunk enough water daily to float a rowboat. "But," I have protested, "I already drink all the water I can hold!" Undismayed and unruffled has come the reply, "Well, drink more."

Some years ago I found myself suffering from a pain near the base of the spine. I sought out four doctors in pursuit of explanation and relief. One diagnosed my difficulty as bladder trouble and put me through an elaborate cure. I still had the pain. The second diagnosed the case as a nervous condition and prescribed treatments with some kind of newfangled light. I still had the pain. The third, after much professorial monkey-business decided that the trouble was with my vertebræ and put me in the hands of a chiropractor who manipulated my back two hundred and fifty dollars' worth. I still had the pain, only a little worse than it was before. The fourth had me come around to his office three times for examinations and then told me that the pain was doubtless due to an abscess under one of my back teeth. So I went to a dental surgeon, had thirty-five dollars' worth of X-rays taken, learned that my teeth were all right, and still had the pain. Achieving by this time a small measure of sense I decided to take my pain to some place other than a doctor's office. An athletic trainer I knew in my college days happened to be in town and I called him up and asked him to come around to my house for a drink. Over the fourth cocktail I told him of my pain and asked him what he thought. "Give me a hard one!" he exclaimed. "This is too easy. Like a lot of you writing guys, you put a cushion under you on your desk chair when you're pushing a pen. Get rid of the cushion, sit on the hard chair and your pain'll vamoose." I got rid of the cushion and I've never had the pain since.

I subsequently asked my friend how he had known so immediately what caused my pain, and recounted to him the failure of the four professional medicos to diagnose it. "In the early days of crew training," he said, "they used to have pads on the oarsmen's seats. The oarsmen often used to complain of pains like yours. So they investigated and found out that the pads were to blame. That's that."

I had an uncle, now dead, who for many years was bothered by a burning sensation on his tongue. It didn't amount to much, but it worried him and he patronized many doctors in this country and abroad in an effort to learn what caused it. The doctors diagnosed the trouble as this and that and prescribed various treatments which my late lamented relative took, each and all to no avail. One day, eight years after he began consulting doctors and taking their futile treatments, he happened to mention the burning sensation to an old German bartender in a well-known Philadelphia comfort parlor of the period. "Put half a teaspoonful of salt in a glass of warm water and wash your mouth out with it about six times a day and you'll be all right again in a few days." My uncle followed the bartender's instructions and the burning sensation on his tongue disappeared.

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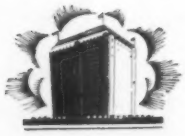

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How to Play Office Golf

(Continued from page 42)

the simpler pencil-sharpeners, I mean, the kind where you put in a pencil and turn the handle) is just about as far as I care to go in scientific research. To be sure, I can usually take the old ribbon out of my typewriter —after all, you only have to hold the machine upside down and shake it, any fool can do that, and usually does —but I have to hire an expert mechanic to put the new ribbon in again. Electric toasters, snap cuff-links, and paper-towel machines simply baffle me. I'm not very good at opening the windows of railway carriages; and I have been known to walk blocks to avoid a revolving door.

And yet all these efficient devices are as an open book to me in comparison with the vast up-to-date system that has permeated the business organizations of this country today. Electric buzzers, filing systems, office memoranda, business conferences, expert accountants, and secretaries leave me in a perpetual state of jitters; and it is, in fact, as a direct result of these well-oiled wheels of progress turning around and around in their efficient orbits, with all the gaskets and gadgets of modern progress clicking smoothly together, that I have retired from civilization and am now living in great disorder in an old piano-box on the top of Mount Washington, clad in a cotton loin-cloth and sending down all my stories to *Vanity Fair* by an Indian runner named Ugh.

I think I could have stood the rest of it, if it hadn't been for Secretaries. I might have grown used to electric buzzers and filing-cabinets; I might even have taken business conferences or left them alone; but Secretaries were too much for me. Secretaries got old Ford.

You might say that modern business is Secretary-poor. The whole efficient system is riddled with them. There is no office so humble but that it has its energetic young lady who serves her employer with dog-like devotion, mixing up his appointments, reading his (female) mail, gloating over his bills, answering his telephone (sometimes twice, the second time in a disguised voice), and labouring fanatically to protect him from being disturbed by a visitor who has been waiting in the outer office since half past three with a check for five hundred dollars to pay off an old poker debt. The thing has reached the proportions of a national menace. Slowly but surely our leading executives are being relieved of all their duties by these efficient young ladies. Gradually they are being huddled further and further into their inner offices and cloistered there, lonely and out of touch with the rest of the world, the isolated prisoners of their own efficient system. There they sit at their empty desks all day, glancing moodily over the carbons of old correspondence (modern secretaries have learned to imitate their employers' signatures so well that there isn't even the fun of signing letters any more), lifting up the telephone, setting it down again hopelessly, ringing a buzzer for the afternoon paper, or leaning back idly with their ankles crossed before them, polishing their nails on their sleeves and staring despondently at the ever-present shadow crouched like a watch-dog outside the ground-glass partition marked "ETAVIRP".

It is getting so that any man who seeks to set himself up in business today must first surround himself with a secretary, if only to protect himself from other secretaries. These other secretaries, in turn, all strive to protect their employers from *his* secretary; and as a result all these employers are so carefully insulated against each other that there isn't a spark of contact left, and business is practically at a standstill. (This is the real explanation of the Wall Street crash.)

Already our big executives are nothing but mere figure-heads in the world of progress. Their secretaries one by one have assumed all their responsibilities. They have become almost extinct, like the buffalo or the United States Senate. They have seen the hand-writing on the wall. There is nothing left for the poor devils to do but amuse themselves as best they may; so perhaps we should not blame them if they indulge now and then in a little round of Office Golf.

As far as I can determine it, Office Golf is played with two secretaries, Miss Mashie, let us say, and Miss Niblick (I'm just trying to carry out the Golf figure) and two switchboard operators, Miss Brassie and Miss Driving Iron. Miss Mashie's boss, Mr. Divot (if that is a Golfing term) is trying to get hold of Miss Niblick's boss, Mr. Shortstop (from now on, this game will be known as Office Baseball); and the fun is to see which Secretary can trap the other Secretary's boss into answering the phone first.

For example, Miss Brassie calls Miss Driving Iron and asks to speak with Mr. Shortstop. If Miss Driving Iron puts Mr. Shortstop directly "on the telephone", Miss Brassie wins the game at once. If, on the other hand, Miss Driving Iron calls Mr. Shortstop's secretary, Miss Niblick, Miss Niblick will then ask Miss Mashie (I'm losing track of it myself) who is calling. Miss Mashie will reply: "Mr. Divot." There are now three possibilities.

Miss Niblick will put Mr. Shortstop on the wire, and he will wait for Mr. Divot. (Score ten points for Miss Mashie.)

Miss Mashie will put Mr. Divot on the wire, and he will wait for Mr. Shortstop. (Score ten points for Miss Niblick.)

Miss Niblick will insist upon knowing what Mr. Divot wants of Mr. Shortstop. Miss Mashie will reply that it is private. Miss Niblick will reply that Mr. Shortstop is in conference and cannot be disturbed. Miss Mashie will reply that it is very important. Miss Niblick will ask Miss Mashie to call back. Miss Mashie will call back, and ask to speak to Mr. Divot. Miss Niblick will ask to speak to Mr. Shortstop, and the game will continue thus until called on account of darkness.

And, in the meantime, Mr. Divot and Mr. Shortstop will each tiptoe out and go over to the club; and there they will run into each other accidentally at the bar and settle the whole matter in two minutes. (Score ten points each for Mr. Divot and Mr. Shortstop. Game. Set. Tournament.)

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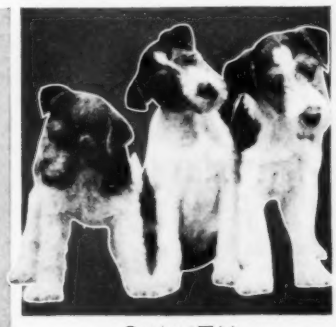

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These Mountaineers

(Continued from page 45)

young man from farther down the hollow. "He lives here with us," the old man said laughing, and as he said it the girl arose and started back up the stairs. She had said nothing but her young eyes had looked at us, filled with hatred. As she went up the stairs the old man kept laughing at her, his queer, high-pitched, old man's laugh. It was really a giggle. "Ha, she can't eat. When she tries to eat she can't keep it down. She thinks I don't know why. She's a hell cat. She would have a man and now she's got one.

"Now she can't eat."

I fished in the creek in the hollow during the afternoon and toward evening began to get trout. They were fine ones. I got fourteen of them and got back over a mountain and into the main road before dark.

What took me back into the hollow I don't know. The face of the girl haunted me.

And then there was good trout fishing there. That stream at least had not been fished out.

When I went back I put a twenty dollar bill in my pocket. "Well," I thought—I hardly know what I did think. There were notions in my head, of course.

The girl was very, very young.

"She might have been kept there by that old man," I thought, "and by some young mountain rough. There might be a chance for her."

I thought I would give her the twenty dollars. "If she wants to get out perhaps she can," I thought. Twenty dollars is a lot of money in the hills.

It was just such another hot day when I got in there again and the old man was not at home. At first I thought there was no one there. The house stood alone by a hardly discernible road and near the creek. The creek was clear and had a swift current. It made a chattering sound.

I stood on the bank of the creek before the house and tried to think.

"If I interfere. . . ."

Well, let's admit it. I was a bit afraid. I thought I had been a fool to come back.

And then the girl suddenly came out of the house and came toward me. There was no doubt about it. She was that way. And unmarried, of course.

At least my money, if I could give it to her, would serve to buy her some clothes. The ones she had on were very ragged and dirty. Her feet and legs were bare. It would be winter by the time the child was born.

A man came out of the house. He was a tall young mountain man. He looked rough. "That's him," I thought. He said nothing.

He was dirty and unkempt as the old man had been and as the child was.

At any rate she was not afraid of me. "Hello, you are back here," she said. Her voice was clear.

Just the same I saw the hatred in her eyes. I asked about the fishing. "Are the trout biting?" I asked. She had come nearer me now and the young man had slouched back into the house.

Again I am at a loss about how to reproduce her mountain speech. It is peculiar. So much is in the voice.

Hers was cold and clear and filled with hatred.

"How should I know? He (indicating with a gesture of her hand the tall slouching figure who had gone into the house) is too damn lazy to fish.

"He is too damn lazy for anything on earth."

She was glaring at me.

"Well," I thought, "I will at least try to give her the money." I took the bill in my hand and held it toward her. "You will need some clothes," I said. "Take it and buy yourself some clothes."

It may have been that I had touched her mountain pride. How am I to know? The look of hatred in her eyes seemed to grow more intense.

"You go to hell," she said. "You get out of here.

"And don't you come back in here again."

She was looking hard at me when she said this. If you have never known such people, who live like that, "on the outer fringe of life", as we writers say (you may see them sometimes in the tenement districts of cities as well as in the lonely and lovely hills)—such a queer look of maturity in the eyes of a child. . . .

It sends a shiver through you. Such a child knows too much and not enough. Before she went back into the house she turned and spoke to me again. It was about my money.

She told me to put it somewhere, I won't say where. The most modern of modern writers has to use some discretion.

Then she went into the house. That was all. I left. What was I to do? After all a man looks after his hide. In spite of the trout I did not go fishing in that hollow again.

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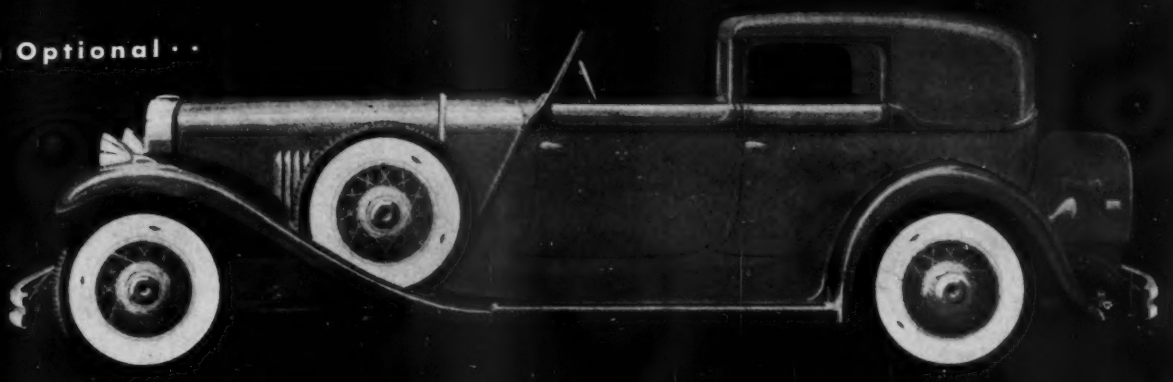

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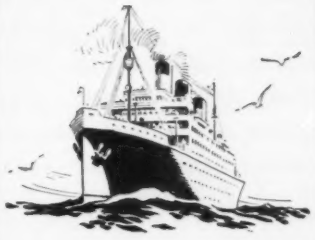

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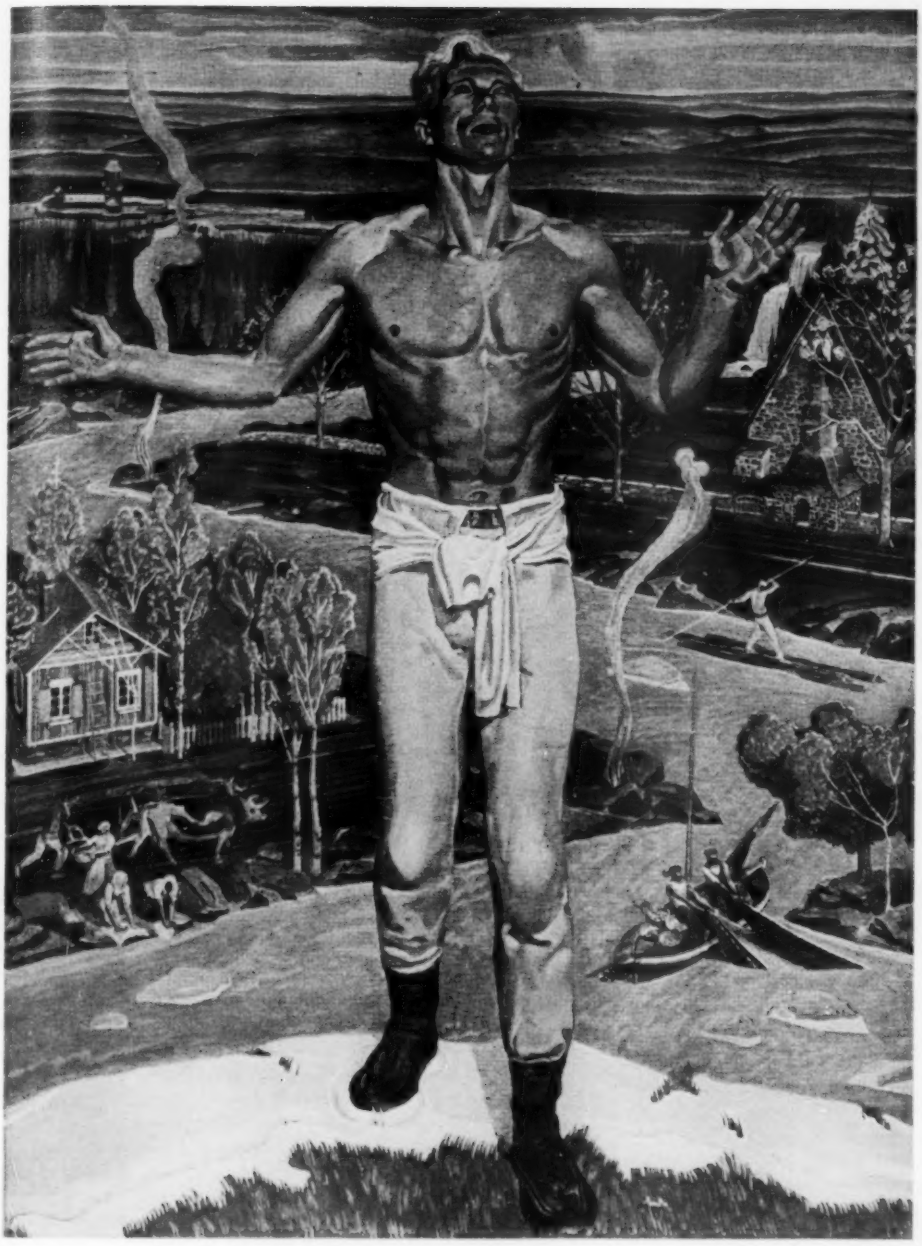
The kitchen telephone is essential in household business, saving steps and time, preventing such tragedies as burnt biscuits and scorched roasts.



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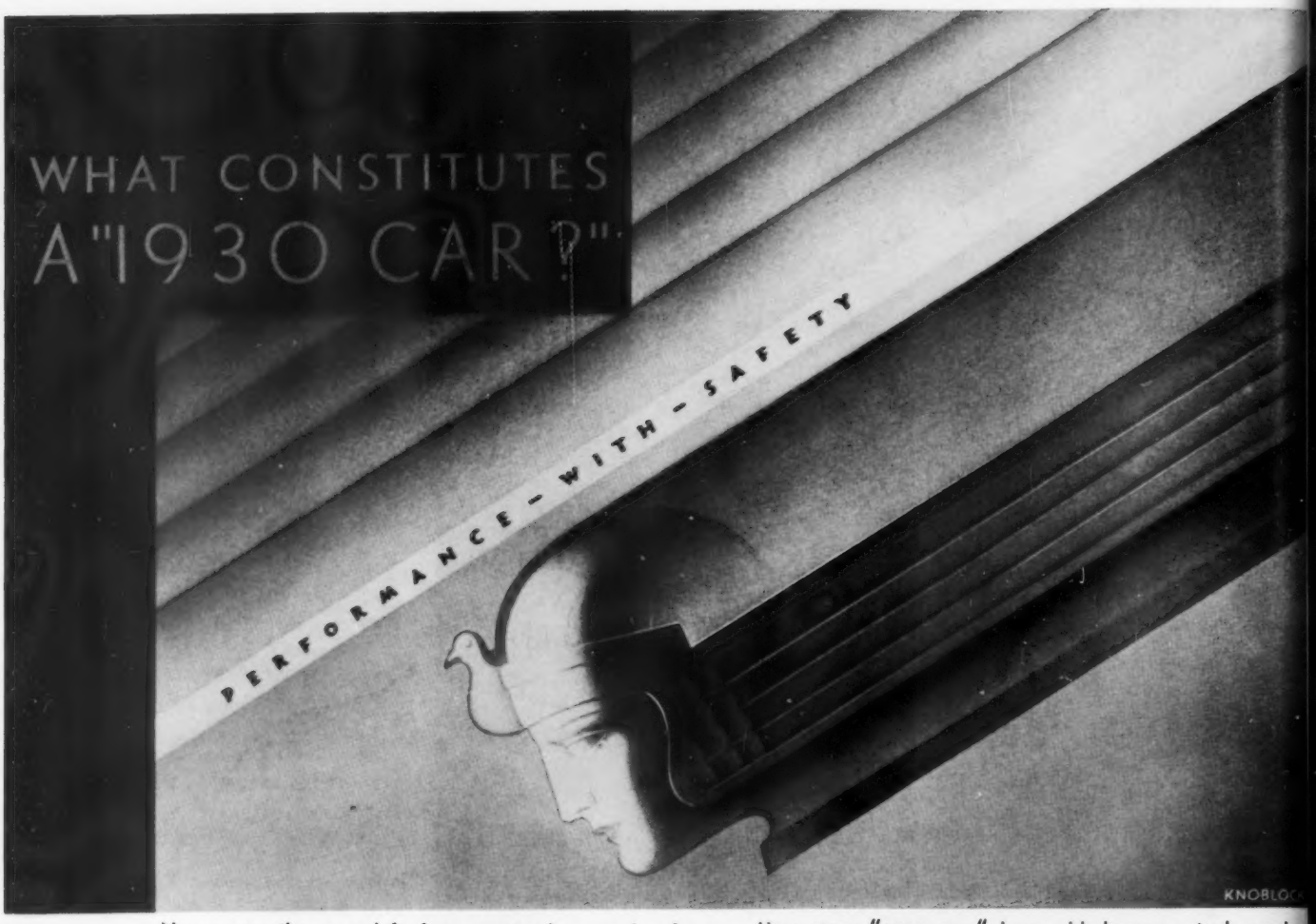

Now comes the annual fanfare, spectacular parade of new models of all makes labeled, in this year of grace, "1930 cars."

Is it not then pertinent to inquire, "What constitutes a truly modern automobile?"

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Years ago, Stutz introduced worm drive as the correct means of lowering the center of weight, thereby providing greater ease of riding, easier steering, better roadability and greater safety. Others will adopt it in time, but when? Stutz has it now.

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Look at these "1930 cars," and see how many have Noback, that amazing safeguard which prevents undesired back-rolling on hills.

Stutz has Noback and believes a car to be antiquated without it, as obsolete as an elevator without the device which prevents the cage from falling if the cable breaks.

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